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IN THIS ISSUE

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH
Notes on Words: Sentimental

JAMES BOYD
Reviews "Vein of Iron" by Ellen Glasgow

DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN
Ellen Glasgow: Idealist

J. E. NEALE
Reviews "Mary Queen of Scotland" by Stefan Zweig

ALVAH C. BESSIE
Reviews "Strange Passage" by Theodore Irwin

ELLEN GLASGOW

"As you close the final page of 'Vein of Iron,' whether you agree with all or any of its patterns, with all or any of its methods, you will recognize that you have had the experience of reading a work of wisdom and integrity, written with a single purpose by a woman with a single heart" . . . *(See page 6)*

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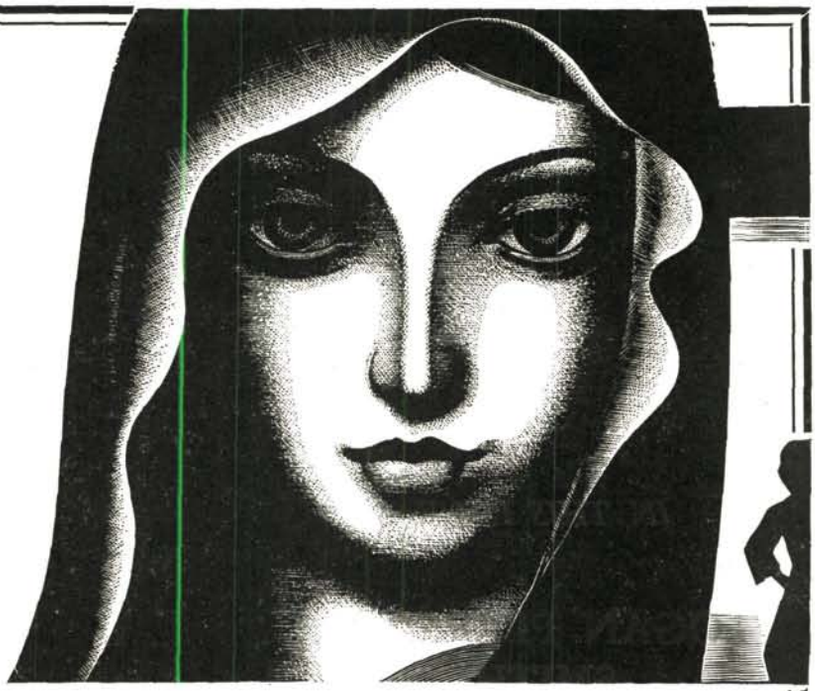

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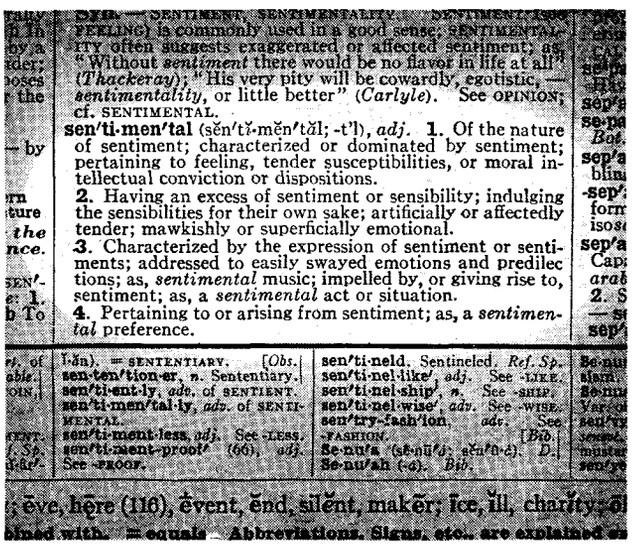
Notes On Words: Sentimental

BY LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

THERE are those, Horace tells us (*sunt quos curriculo*), whose joy is to gather Olympic dust upon their racing cars; others to be honored by Delian bays in the Capitol, or to win the fame of boxers, or to be pointed out in the street as masters of the lyre. None of these is my ambition; what I like is to have my letters printed in the *London Times*. In those grave columns I feel that I take my due place among the statesmen, the peers and prelates, and weighty thinkers of my time.

Among the thousands who beat in vain upon that gate to glory, the few to whom it opens find themselves confronted by a staircase of several degrees—by a ladder with at least six rungs for their aspiring feet to climb. Of these the lowliest is fixed in the column entitled "Points from Letters," the next in the epistles printed in full but in small type in the same dark corner, and after that in larger-type letters there. Then there are the small-type, then the large-type, letters on the great central editorial page, and then—dizziest height of all—a letter with a leading article about it. To this height I cannot vaunt that I have as yet ascended, but I believe that I can boast without contradiction of having performed there a stylistic feat of which not the greatest statesman or most honored prelate—no, not even that master of the phrase, the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, can brag—a feat which Shakespeare accomplished so subtly in his Sonnets, and which Proust described as the greatest triumph of the art of writing—the expression, namely, of a gross impropriety in such elegance of diction that the most elegantly-minded readers will not see it; or, if they do, will not believe their eyes.

But the writer to the *Times* must be an opportunist. One subject is ventilated in its columns for a week or two, and then suddenly, inexorably, the window closes; the curtain is rung down, and no letter, however eloquently written, will find admittance on any terms. This misadventure has happened to me on two occasions. Once E. F. Benson held me up to ridicule; but just when I had posted a letter poking fun at him, the subject of sustenance for the abdomen had replaced that of nutriment for the mind, and a letter entitled "What Is a Pork Sausage?" was printed where mine should have sparkled. I accused my fellow-climber on this staircase, Enid Bagnold, of having played me this knavish trick; she alleged that she was in mid-Atlantic at the time.



SYN.—SENTIMENT, SENTIMENTALITY. SENTIMENTALISM, FEELING] is commonly used in a good sense. SENTIMENTALITY often suggests exaggerated or affected sentiment; as, "Without *sentiment* there would be no flavor in life at all" (*Thackeray*); "His very pity will be cowardly, egotistic, — *sentimentality*, or little better" (*Carlyle*). See OPINION; cf. SENTIMENTAL.

sen'ti·men'tal (sĕn'tĭ-mĕn'tăl; -t'l), *adj.* **1.** Of the nature of sentiment; characterized or dominated by sentiment; pertaining to feeling, tender susceptibilities, or moral intellectual conviction or dispositions.

2. Having an excess of sentiment or sensibility; indulging the sensibilities for their own sake; artificially or affectedly tender; mawkishly or superficially emotional.

3. Characterized by the expression of sentiment or sentiments; addressed to easily swayed emotions and predilections; as, *sentimental* music; impelled by, or giving rise to, sentiment; as, a *sentimental* act or situation.

4. Pertaining to or arising from sentiment; as, a *sentimental* preference.

I-ăn), = SENTIENTIARY. [*Obs.*] | **sen'ti·neld**, Sentineled. *Ref. Sp.* | **Se·nu'a** (sē-nū'ä; sĕn'ū-ä). *D.* |
sen·ten'tion·er, *n.* Sententiary. | **sen'ti·nel·like'**, *adj.* See -LIKE. | **Se·nu'ah** (-ä). *Bib.* |
sen'ti·ent·ly, *adv.* of SENTIENT. | **sen'ti·nel·ship'**, *n.* See -SHIP. |
sen'ti·men'tal·ly, *adv.* of SENTIMENTAL. | **sen'ti·nel·wise'**, *adv.* See -WISE. |
sen'ti·ment·less, *adj.* See -LESS. | **sen'try-fash'ion**, *adv.* See -FASHION. [*Bib.*] |
sen'ti·ment-proof' (66), *adj.* See -PROOF. |

ēve, hēre (116), ēvent, ĕnd, silĕnt, makĕr; īce, ĭll, charity; ō

From Webster's New International Dictionary

But what are alibis to deep students like myself of the literature of crime? We laugh at them, for we know that the more perfect the alibi, the more perfect the proof of guilt.

My second misadventure had also a gastronomic aspect. The subject under discussion was Christian Prayer. I had written to show that a certain prayer for the departed, which has sneaked and snivelled its way into the Revised Prayer Book of 1928, and is now entoned at every Memorial Service, was not, as was supposed, an ancient prayer at all, but a modern fake. A clergyman in South Kensington asserted that, on the contrary, the prayer was an ancient one, having, "as a matter of fact," been written, he said, by Lancelot Andrewes. The attribution was a clever one, since anyone can say anything he likes about this famous Bishop with no fear of contradiction: can even proclaim him as the greatest master of English prose, since no one I have ever heard of has been able to read more than a page of his arid and controversial volumes. I replied taunting this parson with his admitted inability to give a reference, and added that to attribute to this unsentimental Bishop so flagrant a piece of Victorian sentimentality (which Newman wrote) was about as preposterous as to say that Newman had borrowed from Herrick the lines,

> And with the morn those angel faces smile
> Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile;

or to suggest that Tennyson drew his "Tears, idle tears" from sources in the Middle Ages, or in Marlowe. But again the abdomen had replaced the soul in the *Times* columns and the flavor of ice-cream—whether vanilla or strawberry—left no place for prayer.

All the same, this allegation of anachronism is sometimes a ticklish business, and one may be staggered by finding modern elements in writings of authentic age. Of course the mention of the English in the Sermon on the Mount is outside this discussion, that being, as we all know, an instance of Divine Fore-knowledge; but Mussolini would have been wise to ponder more profoundly the text, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth," in which that mention indubitably occurs.

To descend however from the supernatural, I was once flabbergasted to find addressed to the evening star in about 1777, the romantic lines,

> Speak silence with thy glimmering eyes
> And wash the dusk with silver;

and walking one evening in Oxford with Walter Raleigh, I remarked how odd it was to think that these lines were written in the age of Dr. Johnson.

"They were not," my companion categorically replied. "Yes, they were," I answered. "Are you aware, Sir," he asked me, "that I am Professor of English Lit-

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

MISS MARVEL
By ESTHER FORBES
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

PRISONER OF THE OGPU
By GEORGE KITCHIN
Reviewed by Dorothy Thompson

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erature in this University?" "I've heard malicious people say so," I admitted. "Well, it's the truth," he asserted, "and as such—as the occupant of that chair—I now inform you that those lines you quoted belong to the age of Tennyson." That I thereupon dragged the Professor to the Union Library, and showed him the verses in an eighteenth century book of which he had himself edited a new edition is a favorite vainglory of mine, and one indeed by whose means I once hoped to win the prize at a Chelsea boasting party; and I might have done so, if it had not been snatched from me by a distinguished lady novelist, who remarked that she possessed a certificate of her virginity signed by the Pope, which she had procured in order to nullify a Catholic marriage at the cost of eighty pounds.

Shakespeare is of course famous for his anachronisms; all commentators note the thoughts of his own age which he attributes to the characters of former ages; but the way he pillaged the future, and robbed its unborn writers is even more scandalous and striking. Lytton Strachey has shown how in "Othello" he stole from Pope his couplets:—

She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

From Keats he bagged the Keatsian invocation of Enobarbus to the Moon,

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,

and even more extraordinary is the way he imitates Mallarmé and our modern non-sense poets in the "Phoenix and the Turtle"—that conscious and deliberate construction of a merely musical pattern of words,

Let the priest in surplice white
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

Can Valery or T. S. Eliot beat the beautiful meaningless of this?

The Victorian sentimentality I objected to in that questionable prayer, about the lengthening shades and the hushing of the busy world, and the time when the fever of life is over—is not this mood, elegant, autumnal, elegaic, lovely, to be found in Shakespeare's Sonnets—

No longer weep for me when I am dead—
That time of year thou mayst in me behold?

Are not these glaring thefts from Gray's "Elegy" and from all that graveyard poetry of Omar Khayyam, Thomas Hardy, and the latest *succès de larmes*, the "Shropshire Lad," for which our literature is justly famous?

The word *sentimental* was a lovely word when it was first issued from the English eighteenth century mint, a "perfumed term of the time" which Sterne adopted for the title of his "Sentimental Journey" with no ironic meaning. It indicated a refined and elevated way of feeling, a sense of the briefness, the beauty, and the sadness of life—the Virgilian *lachrymæ rerum* which we find in that loveliest line in Latin poetry,

Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos,

and which melts the heart of Dante's pilgrim when he hears the *squilla di lontano*, the sound of bells in the distance that seem to mourn the dying day.

How completely today is this mood out of fashion! What a hissing and astonishment would fill the squares of Bloomsbury should a Hogarth poet try to squeeze out those

Tears from the depth of some divine despair

of which Tennyson did after all, after all (let Bloomsbury be damned, but I will say it)—did after all divinely sing!

The French have been more happy in preserving the amiable meaning of this word which they borrowed from us, and which we, in our crude English fashion have so degraded and disgraced. Thus Barrès could ascribe *une sentimentalité très-fine* to a sympathetic character, and the poet Albert Samain sing of the nightingale as

L'oiseau sentimental,
L'oiseau, triste et divin, que les ombres suscitent.

We cannot call our English nightingale a sentimental bird, but I wish we could.

Photo by Pinchot

MACKINLAY KANTOR

a review of whose new book appears in the next column.

Fabulous Fox-Hound

THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN. By MacKinlay Kantor. New York: Coward-McCann. 1935. $1.25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BOTH in verse and prose, both in his monumental novel, "Long Remember," and in his collection of ballads, "Turkey in the Straw," MacKinlay Kantor has already given us much that is memorable concerning the American Civil War. Now he has well-nigh achieved a masterpiece in a short story, here reprinted in book-form, "The Voice of Bugle Ann." The story originally appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

So far as atmosphere goes, the tale of this fabulous fox-hound *is* a masterpiece. It is merely that to me, and I am in the minority, the plot seems a little too pat—to work out a little too much like the demonstration of a theorem; and life is sprawlier than that. At the same time the story is so well written as to make one wish to smother any strictures. It is, upon occasion, gorgeously well written. The characters in it are intensely alive. Spring Davis looms up as a thoroughly authentic American. The hounds themselves are perfectly presented.

The characteristic of running a fox in the Upper South seems to be that the fox is never caught, but always lives to fight another day. This will make the story easy for humanitarians to take. The prowess of the hounds is no less proud, for all that. The lingo of that neck of the woods, and in regard to this variant of an ancient sport, is racy and worth hearing.

There is deep sentiment in this story; but if men were compelled to live their lives without love of animals, love of swiftness and competition, love of the wildness that crouches in their own natures, and pride in feats of endurance and valor, the world would either sink into a twilight of stifling mummery or there would ensue the reddest revolution you ever saw. These quiet-spoken but deadly-when-roused folk of whom Mr. Kantor writes, are companionable people, with an idea of rough justice, a respect for fundamental character, and a boyish delight in finely-bred animals. Romance is deep in them, and they have their own code of fair play.

This is a small book, but it will give you a large evening. You will be hauled right up out of your chair and set down by that fire on the edge of Bachelor's timber, in Missouri. And you will hear for yourself the *owk-owk-owk* of the hounds along Heaven Creek. And the book does more than that to you; but I'm not going to give the show away. The narrative ability of Mr. Kantor is greatly above the average. Here's a thoroughly American writer who deserves your salute.

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Valor and Blind Courage

VEIN OF IRON. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935.

Reviewed by JAMES BOYD

AMONG a few people who were talking about books not long ago the question was raised why the American writer lacks, as we say of horses, staying power. Beginning with Mark Twain and coming down to a number of current names which the reader is at liberty to supply for himself, we said that a writer's career in this country consisted more often than not of a brilliant piece or two of early work and then diminuendo or eclipse. Many answers were given—it does not require a large literary gathering to supply many answers to any question—but one of the most interesting was that the American writer has no strongly held, consistent attitude toward life. At the beginning he or she writes out of fresh childhood memories and out of a childlike blind gusto for the world which carries the possessor triumphantly beyond the age where a man, if he is ever to do it, must begin to find himself, then ebbs and leaves him stranded and defenceless. As an exception, an example of the opposite, the name of Ellen Glasgow was brought in. Certainly she is one of the few well known American writers of today who has within her the principle of growth. Her earliest books, I imagine, were pretty modest ventures. I have not read them. But in her list of eighteen works of prose she has moved steadily forward to a position all the more deserved because it is hard-won. And I think that the basis of this movement lies in her point of view. It is not strikingly original, in fact its strength lies in its long ancestry, but it is held tenaciously, with wit, with tenderness, with shrewdness, and, above all, with passion. By virtue of it, all she does has momentum and direction. Each time she writes a book she puts her gradually increasing skill to the service of a long-held single aim.

This skill of hers has been, I suppose, not easily acquired. It would be possible to find more facile, greater talents—one could say that of Dreiser, too, for instance. But as in him, and in some ways even more strikingly, one can see in her the power of belief, of a deep, unwavering interest in life's significance, to gain effects almost in defiance of the medium.

The good title of her new book, "Vein of Iron," strikes the key, a key on which it ends with untheatrical but convincing power. We start with a little girl, Ada, in a village of western Virginia, and we see, living together in narrow circumstances, her father, a minister deprived of his charge because of his philosophic writings and his search for truth; her mother, a fragile and a little flighty but brave and happy woman, who had given up being a belle of the tidewater for love; the patient, ever-helpful maiden aunt, and the gaunt, able grandmother, literal-minded and fearless daughter of pioneers. Here, at the start, Miss Glasgow sets herself technical difficulties and surmounts them. In each of six successive chapters she shifts her viewpoint and goes inside a different character. Such shifts almost inevitably make the reader conscious of the story-teller behind the scenes, and when they come at the outset of a novel they necessarily deter its initial momentum. But each chapter has a density of texture which enables it to stand alone, and the sixth, the portrait of the mother, is a triumph and a delight and a model of what portraiture in writing should be.

The story, once launched, is a simple one. There is the son of a Calvinistic widow, a promising rebellious boy, crowned with romance which as he grows up is warped to the bitterness which springs from lack of hardihood. The thread of the narrative tells how he is trapped and stolen away from Ada by the spoiled, mean local belle, and how through the years which move, now fast now slowly, he and Ada find each other and themselves again. No summary could be more inadequate; this tale of these two is merely the lightest sort of framework for the adventures, sometimes in fact and always of the spirit, of a striking group of characters, chiefly the Fincastles, Ada's family.

The method of presentation is characteristic. Miss Glasgow is a woman, a wise and strong one, and part of her strength has always been that she has no desire to write like anything else. We have then a woman's sense of values, the interest in the minutiæ of life, the comprehension and development of detail in apparent obliviousness of the relative importance of things. Miss Glasgow sometimes treats big moments with an almost scandalous casualness and turns to accumulate little moments with the unerring and happy instinct of a bee. This reversal of emphasis is accentuated perhaps by the fact that the ability to write live dialogue is the most uncertain of her gifts. At first glance this would seem to be a serious defect. This is the age of live dialogue, and by the term we do not mean dialogue which reproduces speech as it is, but something much more skilful, dialogue which produces the illusion that it is being spoken. In the hands of Hemingway the effect gained by extreme skill in selection, in timing, in hidden music, is very striking. With him old methods have been reversed: characters do not create dialogue, dialogue creates the characters. In this field technique can go no further. He is but one, if the chief, of many writers who have taught us to look for tension, speed, lightness, and a sense of immediate actuality in the novel's spoken word. It is therefore interesting to see how profoundly our emotions can be stirred, our attention held, by a novel which does not avail itself of this instrument and which, on top of that, most resolutely declines to capitalize the opportunities for drama.

The secret lies, I think, in the author's

(*Continued on next page*)

JACKET DESIGN FOR "VEIN OF IRON"

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theme and in her point of view. The vein of iron which runs through her characters is courage. Blind courage in some cases and in some misguided, sometimes obtuse to the point of truthlessness, sometimes sweet, natural, oblivious of itself; or, again, darkly groping with strength and subtlety toward the insoluble enigma of this world. In a narrative sustained and given color by wit, by insight, tenderness, and the sense of beauty, we see this courage under its varying forms in contact with life's problems, great and small. And such is the nature of courage and so well is this nature understood and treated that, whether great or small, the problems that confront it assume equivalent significance. Just as in "Robinson Crusoe" each detail, however trivial, holds equal interest as being part of the struggle to survive, so here the petty and the humorous take their full place beside the tragic as throwing light upon the central quality in operation.

Moreover, this spectacle, absorbing enough in itself, is presented by a talent that has the gift, by apparently simple means, of endowing solitude, the passive moment with movement, beauty, even drama. Here, for instance, is Mary Evelyn, Ada's mother, and half an invalid. Abigail is their colored servant, and Horace their old hound.

> Turning her head on the back of the chair, she looked out into the night where the shutter flapped at the side window and the wind had risen in gusts. Outside in the troubled darkness she heard the breaking of boughs, the rustle of dead leaves on the ground, the small tongues of wind lapping the walls under the ivy. Inside (she touched Horace with the tip of her toe, for he had growled in his sleep) there was the glowing centre of life. She had much to be thankful for. Nobody was ill; nobody was hungry; nobody she loved was out in the cold. Aunt Abigail had a good fire, and Horace (she glanced down at his black and tan head) was warm on the hearth.
>
> But I must keep Ada happy, she thought the next minute, I must keep her as happy as I have been. For it was true, looked at from any angle, she had been happy. Life had been eager, piercing in flashes of ecstasy, tragic at times beyond belief, but never drab, never tedious; never, not even at its worst, when John was standing his trial, had it been ugly.

This passage strikes the key of the book and of the way in which it is written. At the end of the novel, as here, courage through all defeats works out some indestructible fragment of triumph. As you close the final page of "Vein of Iron," whether you agree with all or any of its patterns, with all or any of its methods, you will recognize that you have had the experience of reading a work of wisdom and integrity, written with a single purpose by a woman with a single heart.

Readers of The Saturday Review *will recall the pen portrait of Mr. Boyd printed in the issue of June 29 of this year, and the review of his recent "Roll River."*

The Daughter of Debate

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES. By Stefan Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by J. E. Neale

"SURELY of all the women who have made their mark in the world," writes Mr. Zweig in the Foreword to his biography of Mary Queen of Scots, "no other has been the theme of so many dramas, novels, biographies, and discussions." Who will doubt it? In death even more than in life Mary Queen of Scots has enthralled and disturbed the imagination of men. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries her tragic story was enacted on the stage in the Jesuit and monastic schools of Germany and Belgium, and in the Tyrol became the theme of an interesting folk-drama. As for the printing press, the standard but incomplete bibliography of works relating to her which were published in what we may call the prehistoric period, before 1700, contains over 280 items; and probably no one knows or would dare to guess how many have been published since.

MARY OF SCOTLAND

It was in the middle of the eighteenth century that the pioneer of critical studies of the Casket Letters appeared, and in the light of the vast literature to which it directly or indirectly gave rise, the simple faith of its author is amusing. "I soon perceived," he wrote, "that the chief controversy—namely, whether Mary was guilty of the murder of her husband, Darnley, at Kirk o' Field—was a matter that might be easily settled with certainty." Even today, individuals may think they have reached certainty, but we are far from unanimity.

The controversy has attracted writers of many vocations. In recent years we have had a Major-General arguing that Kirk o' Field was a plot of Darnley's to blow up Mary: Darnley—we might say—was hoist with his own petard. We have also had a writing expert prove that a palpable copy of one of the Casket documents, which in his innocence he mistook for an original document, is a forgery. For the most part these writers have been amateurs and their books might appropriately bear the legend, *Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam.*

Mr. Zweig, Mary's latest biographer, is not a historian but, like Lytton Strachey, a littérateur practising biography as a branch of letters. The distinction is not derogatory nor meant to be. It undoubtedly exists and with Mr. Zweig's "Mary Queen of Scots" as with Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex" is the clue to the strength and weakness of the book. The littérateur borrows from the craft and exercises some of the liberty of the novelist. He is interested in character and psychology and indulges in imaginative reconstruction more freely than the historian who is forever conscious of unmalleable facts and haunted by the words, "We do not know." Now character and psychology are legitimate evidence in human story, and it may be that the littérateur, who is more skilled in handling this evidence, will arrive at sounder conclusions than the historian; provided always that he does not run foul of documentary evidence, rightly interpreted. There are elements in "Elizabeth and Essex" which are excellent examples of Strachey's superiority, but it is equally true that where his lack of skill as a critical historian led him, for example, to rely on a thoroughly unsound modern study of Elizabeth's health, he wrote fiction not biography.

Much the same judgment may be passed on Mr. Zweig's book. Quite rightly he refuses to sit on the fence over the controversial question of the authenticity of the Casket Letters and Mary's complicity in the murder of Darnley. Appropriate perhaps in history, it would be ruinous in biography: the fence is an impossible place for anyone with an acute appreciation of character. In Mr. Zweig's eyes, Mary's tragedy was one of passion and he calls in his sense of character and his appraisal of the psychology revealed in the Casket Letters to cut the Gordian knot of controversy. The method is sound, and if one believes—as I personally believe, it being my business to wander in this baffling maze—that the conclusions are not incompatible with the documentary evi-

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dence, then the method is invaluable and decisive.

Without by any means endorsing all that Mr. Zweig writes, I think that his story as far as the flight of Mary to England in 1568 is very good. He makes a real person of Mary, a convincing portrait, and there is sympathetic understanding even when he is presenting her as the accomplice of her lover, Bothwell, in the murder of Darnley. Needless to say the style is remarkably easy and readable, and though the narrative might frequently be cut without losing much more than words, uncritical readers will hardly be conscious of this and indeed will glide along the more readily because of it.

From the scholar's point of view there is a paucity of facts and events. Perhaps it is as well: these are the chinks in Mr. Zweig's armor. His biography is highly selective, with which no sensible person will quarrel; his method rather a series of what—to use an ugly term—we might call write-ups of significant situations, in which he often employs the novelist's craft, not the historian's. A single example out of many must suffice. Take his account of Elizabeth receiving the news of the birth of Mary's son:

> Secretary Cecil, with Melville at his heels, made his way through the throng of dancers to the queen, and whispered in her ear that Mary Stuart had given birth to a son. . . . For a moment she lost the mastery over her rebellious nerves. So overwhelming was her consternation that her angry eyes and her tight-pressed lips forgot to dissemble. Her face grew rigid; she flushed beneath her make-up; her hands closed convulsively. She ordered the musicians to cease playing; the dance was suddenly stopped; the queen hurried out of the ballroom. Having reached her bedchamber, when she was surrounded by her agitated ladies-in-waiting, she broke down completely, bursting into tears, collapsing on to a chair, and sobbing out: "The Queen of Scotland is mother of a fair son, whereas I am but a barren stock."

Mr. Zweig's authority — the only authority—for the incident is Melville's "Memoirs." Melville was not, as Mr. Zweig says, "at Cecil's heels": he was not present at all. His story is as follows. Elizabeth was at Greenwich

> in gret merines and dancing efter supper; but sa schone as the secretary Cicill roundit the newes in hir ear of the prince birth, all merines was layed asyd for that nycht; every ane that wer present marveling what mycht move sa sodane a chengement; for the Quen sat down with her hand upon hir hasset, and boursting out to some of hir ladies, how that the Quen of Scotlandis was leichter of a faire sonne, and that sche was bot a barren stok.

By comparing the two accounts the reader will see what I mean by the liberties of the novelist. As a matter of fact, it is extremely doubtful whether even Melville's story is more than the fantasy of an old man's memory.

Mary's tragedy was one of politics as well as passion, and while Mr. Zweig is at home with the latter he is rather at sea with the former. Consequently, as Mary's relations with Elizabeth were primarily determined by political considerations, one might expect, as indeed happens, that Mr. Zweig's story ceases to be fairly reliable after Mary's flight to England in 1568. It is still fascinating, and on occasions, as in Chapter XIX where he pictures the manner and monotony of Mary's life, it is both brilliant and sound. But in this last section of the book facts and chronology, major and minor interpretations are so often wrong that the resultant whole is certainly not history. It is as though Rip van Winkle wakes after a sixty-years' sleep to tell the sort of tale that Mary's supporters were telling in 1870.

A single little error reveals much. Discussing the Westminster inquiry at the close of the year 1568, which left Mary captive in England, Mr. Zweig has the following sentence: "One of those devoted to Elizabeth's cause, Archbishop Parker, could jubilantly exclaim: 'Now our good Queen has the wolf by the ears.'" First, the chronological position of the quotation is wrong; secondly, Mr. Zweig does not understand it ("jubilantly" is a strangely unimaginative blunder for him); and thirdly, his failure to understand it, as the narrative plainly shows, implies an utter failure to understand Elizabeth's dilemma. Parker's remark was made immediately after Mary's arrival in England; it begins with the words "I fear"; and the meaning is clear—it was equally dangerous to hold the wolf (*i.e.*, Mary) or to let it go. I doubt if among all the documents on the tragic relations of the two queens there is a more pregnant remark.

RIZZIO

I might go through Mr. Zweig's pages substantiating my criticism by instance after instance, but must content myself with a special warning against his story of the Babington Plot. In these days it is a license permitted only to Mr. Belloc to present this plot as one of Walsingham's devilish schemes. If Professor Conyers Read—than whom there is no greater authority on the period—is for some obscure reason suspect, one should at least bow to the authority of the late Father Pollen whose elaborate modern study of the Plot goes as far in Mary's cause as his honest scholarship and great learning would permit.

To end on a note of drastic criticism would be unjust to the brilliant qualities of Mr. Zweig's book, and though I hope that all he says will not be taken for gospel truth, I am certain of the pleasure he will give to his readers. There are many descriptive passages to be scored and many sentences that one would give a great deal to have written. The whole book goes with the swing of a novel. The translation is beyond praise.

J. E. Neale is Astor professor of English history in the University of London. His "Queen Elizabeth," published last year, was awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for 1934.

The Charlatan

By Mark Van Doren

I WEAR my carcass inside out,
I pin my soul upon my sleeve.
Nothing is in me then to doubt,
Nothing is in me to believe.

I scorn the skeptics ranked around,
Yet I despise the faithful more.
There are no depths in me to sound,
There is no shadow to explore.

There is no heart but where you look,
My only soul is what you see.
Of all the time creation took
This spangled moment passed for me;

And I was burnished head to toe,
And I was studded like a star.
Look once more and you will know
What men of evening never are—

All dusk and modesty, and praised
For what is deep in them to find.
I do not shiver lest a raised
Partition show my real mind.

I do not tremble lest I prove
More bright and hollow than I was.
See how guiltlessly I move,
And how the sun upon my brass

Shines like a lover! Look, I say!
And do not pity me again.
For I am empty night and day,
And so more safe than honest men;

Who fear each dawn beyond the last,
Who dread each twilight as it falls;
While I cavort beneath the vast
White sky's embrace, and dance on walls.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Homespun Philosophers

THIS is not an editorial upon the death of Will Rogers, although we regret his loss, and shall miss his delightfully incongruous wisecracks in the otherwise so serious *Times*. He was a fellow of infinite jest, a true Shakespearian clown, who used clowning to savor his philosophy. Yet it was not what he said, or did, but what he stood for in the American scene that seems (sorrow for his death aside) most interesting.

We Americans have had a long tradition of philosophers in homespun, so long considering the little age of the Republic, and so notable in their day and sometimes after it, as to ask for comment. Homespun in mind they have all been, which means, that whatever the source of their wisdom, its form and pressure was distinctively local to this continent, and many of them have been homely also in speech, self-made in knowledge, and blatantly provincial. Franklin's Poor Richard was our first of note, a small-town sage who repeated the commonplaces of the eighteenth century with a difference that came from shrewd experience in a struggling community. Irving, we have always believed, was satirizing the village wiseacre and know-it-all in his Dutchmen who puffed smoke instead of thinking. But it was Petroleum V. Naseby, Artemas Ward, Mark Twain, and "Hosea Biglow" in which the type finally realized itself, and took on an originality which must be credited to America.

Artemas Ward was certainly the Will Rogers of his day. He had not been a cowboy, was not semi-literate, could not use by nature a dialect so colloquial that the native American recognized in him the fellow who sat every Saturday night on the cracker barrel. And so Artemas hit upon the device of bad spelling to make himself homely. His spellings are often funny, but often absurd, with no possible relation to mispronunciation. Nevertheless they accomplished what he wished, which was to wrap up his quite serious political and social philosophy in wit and humor. If what he said was not funny, the way it was spelled made it seem to be, and so he got readers who never would have been trapped by an English above their own, or ideas that were not offered as a joke.

Mark Twain learned much from him, but did not change the principle, or when he did, lost his audience. "Huckleberry Finn" is a masterpiece of irony in which a ragamuffin says things which the low-brow American audience would never have taken so readily if spoken with authority and by an educated man. He was addressing a nation with little intellectual self-confidence although a vast certainty in its own judgment. It was a practical nation that had succeeded by rule-of-thumb where every scholar had said that it would fail, and that was terribly shy of abstract ideas except such religious notions as were insulated from direct contact with the ordinary business of living. If you wished to get them, you had to bait your hook with something homely, familiar, and attractive, that sounded like Saturday-night story telling. And, even more important, you yourself had to be a little homely and a little gun-shy of learning and everything not practical. If in addition you could make a good story out of it, you were on the home trail where thousands of Americans had eased the weary legs of their horses or their own tired feet while they passed on the latest wisecrack from the settlements.

The type has varied since, although Will Rogers bred true, and was the perfect up-country philosopher who would have been at home in Lincoln's law shop, or Red Gulch, or Down East on a Gloucester wharf. To the last dash and comma his tricks were the same, and his mind was the same,—that combination of a shrewd human philosophy as broad as human nature with a fundamental distrust of everything not made in America which has made us a trial to Europe and sometimes to ourselves. The first great variant was Mr. Dooley. It was not by chance that Dunne chose his spokesman from an immigrant race with a Catholic philosophy. His United States of the 1890s was getting cock-sure on a large scale. Our bhoys were in big cities now and playing big-boy tricks in world politics and economics. No one listened to the anti-Imperialists, but they did listen to the Irish bar-keeper who saw that they were only a row of thirsty drinkers, a little tipsy with success, a little boastful.

And one should add to this gallery of homespun satirists another variant with a different weapon but of the same steel—Robert Frost, the Yankee poet, whose simple language of New Hampshire farmers is so racy and so deceptive in its homely provincialism. It took the English to see that here was another of the well-known American breed. We laughed at him in the beginning as a vain fellow who tried to make hired men pathetic and stone walls a subject for wit.

Note well that some of these writers have nothing to do with literature, and some have everything to do with literature. Viewed nationally they all belong together, a phenomenon of American self-criticism, historically very important for anyone who would understand Americanism from the pioneers to the comics. But regarded as artists, which means as makers of something that stays good beyond their own lifetime, they live in different wards. The divergence begins with skill. Ward is clumsy and banal, even in his best pieces. Twain never, except in potboilers and seat-fillers. Thoreau, who may be described as always wearing Yankee underclothes under his robe of an Oriental sage, could make a sentence that would last. Will Rogers wrote good paragraphs but did not have that steady power over his mind or his words which makes a book. He was a drug-store talker who never went home to write.

The real difference between the humorous men-of-letters and the humorist wisecrackers was, of course, in their mental furniture. It takes more than a character and a shrewd philosophy to make a writer. Rogers could spot a fool or a foolishness, but when he had turned his joke he was through. Whitman, another homespun philosopher, lacked his wit and his healthy back-country skepticism, but he knew, what Rogers never realized, that the plain man's ribald jesting is good as a purge, but poor stuff to grow on. Yet we shall always need Will Rogerses. There is something in the American temperament that is sure to produce an Emerson who kept zooming skyward because there was too little dirt in his ballast, or a Woodrow Wilson whose heroic moralities lacked just that indispensable streak of homely cynicism that any cowboy philosopher could have told him about, or stuffed shirts in office who can be deflated only by a kick on their own level.

The chair—it is really a stool—is vacant. Who comes next?

Ten Years Ago

In the issue of August 29th, 1925, *The Saturday Review* recommended "The Perennial Bachelor," by Anne Parrish, the second of the Harper prize novels. The Phoenician described it as "*an excellent piece of work, vivid, heart-breaking, entertaining, full of luscious detail.*"

The current Harper prize novel, "Honey in the Horn" by H. L. Davis, which has just been published, was recommended by Basil Davenport in last week's issue as comparable to "Huckleberry Finn."

Today

The Saturday Review recommends:

VEIN OF IRON, by Ellen Glasgow, in which that masterly novelist turns from Richmond to the mountains of Virginia for her milieu.

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Letters to the Editor: *Nominating Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame*

Sidney Lanier

Sir:—A Brief addressed to the Electors of the Hall of Fame in behalf of Sidney Lanier (1842-1870) sets forth the hope that in the 1935 selection out of the seventy-six candidates proposed, Lanier should be honored. The pamphlet, published under the auspices of the nation-wide society, The Daughters of the Confederacy, carries a foreword by Douglas Southall Freeman, a sketch by the editor, commendations of Lanier by outstanding men and women, and a citation of opinions about him from some who are already established in the Hall of Fame. It contains biographical high lights, a list of Lanier's works, two pages of biographical and critical bibliography, and recounts memorials to Lanier throughout the United States. A page and more of meaty lines and several of the short poems of Lanier are used by permission of Scribner's Sons, who own the copyright. To be chosen for the Hall of Fame, a candidate must receive the suffrages of three-fifths of the 106 Intellectuals who compose the Senate of Electors. Voting on candidates takes place between the first of September and the middle of October, results announced between that time and the last of November. A candidate must have been dead twenty-five years or more. The deciding factor in choice is sometimes puzzling to the mere outsider, but no one person can compass knowledge of all the world's great minds, and there are some who have an inborn prejudice against poetical forms of expression. The Brief represents a cross-section of American thought. Edmund Clarence Stedman, in an anthology issued in 1910, chose Lanier together with eight others as America's greatest poets. Of the nine, all have been elected to the Hall of Fame except Lanier. Had the means of publicizing his work been available, had concerted effort been made to promote knowledge of Lanier's poetry, of his theories of English verse and of his prophetic social program, there would be no lack of appreciation of Lanier today, nor would one need to urge recognition of the power and beauty of thought and metre he so definitely presents.

Dr. R. D. Rusk of the Department of English, Columbia University, wrote to the editor of The Brief: "I am glad you have given me the opportunity to say how heartily I favor the movement to place Lanier in the Hall of Fame. Lanier's achievement as a poet, musician, and scholar entitles him to this distinction. I would vote, if I could, for Lanier on the ground of achievement, but at the same time be glad that the honor was intended for so gracious a figure as Lanier."

Herewith are appended a few of the many fine comments on Lanier for the Hall of Fame which The Brief carries.

Among many other authorities it contains enthusiastic endorsement from Russell Blankenship, from Barrett Wendell, Vernon Parrington, Percy Boynton, H. L. Mencken, H. S. Canby, Stephen Benét, from lawyers, other authors, statesmen, scientists. From leading dailies and periodicals over the country, closing with the statement from George Herbert Clarke of Queen's University, Canada: "I have not the slightest doubt that Lanier deserves a niche in the Hall of Fame, but I hardly think that Lanier himself would be greatly elated if he were included, or greatly downcast if he were not included. One of the hall-marks of the true artist is, I think, a relative indifference to fame. Shakespeare had that indifference, and so had Milton, and many others."

Walt Whitman wrote of him: "He had genius, a delicate, clairvoyant genius. . . . Lanier was tragic in life and death. . . . He had the soul of the musician—was a flute player; indeed, in the accounts, was phenomenally fine. . . . Lanier was a beautiful spirit: he had his work to do: did his work."

The London Times said: "Lanier merits the notice of posterity . . . as one who in a period of grey discouragement struggled . . . to assert . . . values."

The Brief is being made into permanent form for those who love Lanier or who would know more about him.

Prophets and poets must see visions and dream dreams, and sometimes the Prophet who has seen the vision becomes the Poet who dreams a dream. Such a one is Sidney Lanier, whose faith in his vision and his dream were expressed in the lines "The great bird Purpose bears me 'twixt her wings" and "When Life's all love 'tis life—aught else 'tis naught."

E. Dolly Blount Lamar.

Macon, Ga.

"THE BOUGH'S ALL RIGHT; THE BREAD'S FRESH, AND THE WINE'S POTABLE; BUT WHERE DID YOU GET THIS LOUSY BOOK?" (*Addendum to Literature, Number* 3)

Shakespeare and Cervantes

Sir:—In "A Man Called Cervantes" Bruno Frank makes me wish that Shakespeare and Cervantes could have met before they both died in that fateful year of 1616, although Frank does not mention Shakespeare at all. The two men were alike in creative imagination and in appreciation of the texture of life.

Wisely Bruno Frank has written not a biography but a biographical novel frankly reconstructing in fancy both hero and settings on the lamentably few facts available. His economy of detail is a miracle of condensed significance. Here is no flamboyant, sentimental fancy but a full-bodied tale of parlous times written with an authentic touch. If a book is great in proportion to its power to stimulate the imagination and to link itself with other expressions of life and art in the mind of the reader, then the linking of Shakespeare and Cervantes is not irrelevant.

Virginia Elliott Campbell.

Lewiston, Maine.

"To Kill Time"

Sir:—R. F. McGraw, in a letter published in the August 24th issue of *S. R. L.*, mentions Mark Twain's use of the expression "to kill time" in his "Life on the Mississippi." Thoreau also used this bit of slang some years previously in "Walden." In Chapter I, entitled "Economy," he says: "As if you could kill time without injuring eternity."

Ruth Shafer.

Basking Ridge, N. J.

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Walpole's Vision of England

THE INQUISITOR. By Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

IN "The Inquisitor" we return again to Polchester, Mr. Walpole's cathedral town. This is a macabre tale of violence and death, vivid, swift, rich in color, eminently readable. It would seem that no one could ask more of a romantic novel, and in fact if Mr. Walpole were the ordinary romancer we should gladly suspend all disbelief and yield to his enchantments. Yet he himself would protest at the injustice of such a classification. He long ago set himself toward larger purposes. "The Inquisitor" is not only a well-told tale but actually the last in a planned series of twelve books: the four London novels, the four Herries books, and the four novels of Polchester (the other three are "The Cathedral," "Harmer John," and "The Old Ladies"). Within the scope of this triple series we are meant to observe the full tapestry of English life, and to savor whatever meaning or definition of life might rise like a scent out of this vast scene.

The scent that rises is dusty and nostalgic. Mr. Walpole's view of life is clearly allegorical, a pitched battle between Good and Evil. He is frank in his belief that people are simply good or bad, black or white in character, disdaining, as he puts it, the modern literary tendencies toward "gray." As a result his pages are filled with Dickensian, flat characters, the good Marlowes against the bad Furzes, with a great deal of shuddering symbolism, evil spirits hovering over the town, until the cleansing storm of violence breaks at last and evil is routed. It is all very exciting, and revelatory of a fine Victorianism. There is, for example, the beautiful and clean-spirited Miss Penny Marlowe, who bravely reads "Married Love" and maintains her ideals in spite of it. There is, for an opposite example, the scoundrelly Leggett, a cowardly rat who delights in the prose of Proust as well as in personal sexual aberrations. Mr. Walpole feels this to be a significant juxtaposition. And there are all the good people of Polchester, the benevolent aristocracy, the kindly clergy, the humble parishmen, arrayed against the rebels from Seatown, the unreasonable unemployed, who are mad enough to cry out that the money devoted to a colorful religious pageant ought to go toward their support. Mr. Walpole regards this unkempt, growling horde with a regretful yet fascinated gaze. He does not understand them. He does not really believe in them, and fails to give them the slightest trace of credibility. They are disturbing phantoms that vanish before the strength of the righteous.

This simple, legendary pattern runs through the novels that precede this one, and binds the twelve together. As social history they are no more than a wishful dream. Compare them with the remarkable social history now being published by Jules Romains, and we see how bereft they are of the tissue of reality. It is not that Mr. Walpole does not respect realism. He does respect it immensely, as one respects an interesting but regrettably impractical antagonist, something like Father Brown's respect for one of his beloved criminals. He pays his respects by allowing the appearance of an occasional uncontrolled, three-dimensioned character, always an artist and always unsuccessful, such as Lampiron in this book. But such as Lampiron can find no place in Walpole's world, and he must vanish from it together with the evil mob, leaving the scene to those idyllic, pastoral figures that rightfully inhabit it.

Portrait of a Family

DWELL IN THE WILDERNESS. By Alvah C. Bessie. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. BESSIE'S novel chronicles the fortunes of a middle-class family in Michigan from 1876 to 1925. Both time and scene have special significance for the theme of the tale. For the parents are representatives of that sterile emotional moralism which, though it had healthy roots in New England, grew both impotent and hysterical as successive generations moved across central New York, upper Ohio, and southern

ALVAH C. BESSIE

Michigan. The mother, Amelia, the most imposing figure in the book, unscrupulously uses the selfish sentimentality and meaningless piety which this tradition offered its women, to destroy her husband's vitality and to dominate the lives of her children. In the last endeavor she does not wholly succeed. The three boys, it is true, are more or less psychically crippled, but the daughter, Martha, escapes the miasma and, despite the sad futility of her final love affair, builds a rich and independent life.

This sketch of Mr. Bessie's book is, however, unjust, in that it implies both more and less than it was his purpose to do. It implies more because Mr. Bessie's primary interest is not in such a contest of wills as would enthrall Mr. Julian Green. Mr. Bessie is shrewdest in picturing the smothered ambivalent relationships of parents and children. It implies less because, although this relationship is central to the book, Mr. Bessie has also interested himself in depicting the flowing panorama of the American scene through the lapse of years.

The novel is thoughtfully planned and thoughtfully executed. It leaves an impression of weight, due in part to the care which has gone into its creation and in part to the slow tempo of the narrative. The tempo is a source of strength and of weakness. Mr. Bessie capably holds the situation at important points, wringing from it the last ounce of psychological richness which it can give. But the problem of carrying forward the inner life of six or seven lives simultaneously inevitably results in a sort of falsity of perspective, with the result that Amelia, who begins almost as a caricature of a period, ends by looming as a monstrous destructive force. It is difficult to believe at the end of the volume that so unlovable a character can retain the loyalties which permit her to do the damage she achieves.

The only other important defect is that Mr. Bessie underlines his intentions. Again and again there is a touch too many, a step too far. He has, for example, faithfully studied the domestic idiom of the seventies and the eighties, but he permits his characters in this part of the story to talk only in that idiom, with the result that they converse like articulate period pictures. He wants to illustrate the evil effects of psychic dishonesty in the parent upon the spiritual lives of the children, but the reader begins to feel that poor Martha is being relentlessly hunted down by the author when he learns that her lover, for whom she divorces her husband, is, unknown to her, homosexual. There is a queer Calvinistic rigor in this exposé of the damage of Calvinism.

But the novel must be seriously considered. Scene after scene is presented with loving fidelity and great vividness. If none of the characters is masterly, the theme is important, and the family group is worth the patience lavished upon them. And the book represents an important fusion of two fictional techniques—the interior monologue, and the heaping up by the author of happily observed external detail.

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Ellen Glasgow: Idealist

BY DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

WHEN the growth of his family made a larger residence necessary, the sound Scotch-Irish judgment of Francis T. Glasgow found persuasive reasons in 1886 for favoring the purchase of the house at the southwest corner of Foushee and Main Streets. The square gray dwelling was only ten minutes' walk from the Tredegar Iron Works which Mr. Glasgow had managed ever since the Confederacy had looked to it for its armies' cannon. Only three squares away was the mansion of General Joseph R. Anderson, chief proprietor of the Tredegar, Mr. Glasgow's uncle and host to many of the celebrities of the South who visited Richmond. Close by was the former home of Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of state in Mr. Davis's cabinet. Directly across Main Street was Grace Episcopal Church, whose rector, Dr. Landon Mason, had been one of the most daring of Mosby's Rangers, and looked so much like his great ancestor George Mason that he might easily have climbed up on the Washington Monument and posed in place of the Plato of the Revolution. Next the church was a lot where the Glasgow boys could play with their friends the Branches. On the other side of Foushee, looking to the sunrise, was the Bridges' house and, beyond that, the garden of Jackson B. Wood, a philosophical old gentleman who was credited with a better understanding of "In Memoriam" than any other Tennysonian in Virginia possessed.

Mr. Glasgow, I am sure, argued all these advantages with firm logic. And as Mrs. Glasgow was of the gentlest Tidewater aristocracy, the descendant of Yateses, Gholsons, and James-River Harrisons and Randolphs, she gracefully acquiesced in her husband's choice. She may have presented arguments of her own for a dwelling in so convenient and distinguished a neighborhood, but discerning as she was, I doubt if even she had the least idea that the selection of that home was to provide her twelve-year-old Ellen the ideal atmosphere for the development of a literary art in which background was to be foreground. For that matter, except that Ellen read persistently, had started to write verse at eight, and was forever singing along the halls with a singular rhythmic quality, how could Mrs. Glasgow have surmised that an endless succession of publishers, critics, and reviewers would come to No. 1 West Main to pay homage to the ninth of her ten children?

A garage stands now on the site of the Benjamin house; a sanctified sect and then the Orthodox Greeks took over Dr. Mason's church after his flock was shepherded uptown; in the tourist hotel that has risen where Dr. Palmer's flowers ran down hill and climbed the wall, a Philadelphia gangster killed a woman with incredible brutality; flyspecked cards in wide old windows announce "Furnished Rooms to Rent by the Day or Week," and if you had the temerity to inquire about them, the landlady would probably answer you in the accents of Lodz. None of this has changed No. 1. On the contrary, as the old gray house has grown grayer without, it has become lovelier within. Inheriting traditions, Ellen Glasgow has created them. It is a commonplace that her home bespeaks her unique background in American letters, has supplied the setting of the later chapters of her "Voice of the People," and has furnished, so to say, many of the properties that grace the stage of her Comédie Americaine. Less realized is the fact that, unperceived by even her observant mind, the change in Ellen Glasgow's neighborhood has symbolized for her the social revolution and perhaps has led her, in a home that is a beautiful survival of a dead world, to write beautifully of a living. The degeneration of the locality has paralleled and in part has inspired the evolution of her philosophy.

ELLEN GLASGOW'S HOME

But Ellen Glasgow's spirit dwells in two houses, not in one. To understand her, you must drive from the famous No. 1 West Main Street to 203 South Jefferson Street, the shelter of the Richmond Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which Miss Glasgow has sponsored and has helped to support for years. There, in office and first-aid room and runway and kennels, is the expression of a quality of her character as important as her background—her ceaseless challenge of inhumanity. She has, I know, a moderate, reasoned interest in the furtherance of a social justice in the abstract, though her name seldom appears with those of other celebrities, marshaled on propagandist letterheads. Social injustice in the concrete never fails to set aflame in her heart something that she permits to be emotional in its expression because she knows its origin is soundly intellectual and moral. If a working man is duped, she is as quick to denounce the sharper as she is to relieve the victim. A judicial wrong to the humblest servant will prompt her to enlist the ablest attorney among her friends to defend the Negro. The more helpless the sufferer, the more burning her wrath against the torturer. Once, I remember, a committee of the Richmond Community Fund proposed to eliminate from its budget the appropriation for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. For fear of boring or being bored, she never makes a speech or attends a meeting if she can avoid either. But that time she dropped her work, she mustered those supporters whose arguments she thought would have the greatest weight, she presented them in succession at a formal hearing and, when they had finished, she took the floor and proceeded to flay the bewildered committee with a deft thoroughness that Apollo would have coveted when he tied Marsyas to the tree. Because every such experience almost prostrates Miss Glasgow and impairs her work for days, she dreads an encounter of this sort as she dreads perhaps nothing else, yet whenever her humanity is outraged, she will pour out prodigally her finest nervous energy in protest. If the last day of her life presents a choice between rounding a literary phrase and righting a human wrong, she might wish to give the last touch to the written word, but some instinct will force her to leave the phrase unturned rather than the wrong unrighted.

This means, among other things, that Ellen Glasgow is a personal idealist. A girl reared in the Virginia of her youth could not lack the romantic impulse. She has had it more deeply than that slow pulse of hers would indicate. Her art is such that she can create the illusion of standing off in complete detachment and of smiling at the romance of others, but every normal emotion that she depicts, she has known. That adjective "normal" may sound a little priggish but it cannot be omitted. In fact, it has to be emphasized. For while she will concede the sex motivation of much of life, the perversion that has crept into contemporary letters outrages her scarcely less than the inhumanity that curses the struggle for existence. Yet her idealism must not be

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measured by her aversion. Positive, like everything else in her character, it is fed, I think, by her habit of long and solitary contemplation, and it flowers in a *noblesse oblige* that is too personal, too gracious, and too constant to be written down.

The special grace of this personal idealism makes her literary realism distinctive in contemporary American literature. I am always a little irritated when people uncritically speak of her as a "realist" without stopping to qualify or to define a word the implications of which have become so vague that they now cover everything from Smollett to smut, from Balzac to Hardy, and from Howells to Faulkner. The sense in which I would apply the term to Miss Glasgow is that of unflinching fidelity to those aspects of life her interest, her taste, and her uprearing lead her to describe. If, in following her selected road of life, she must walk through muck, she will not hesitate to go on, and if she feels like holding her nose and lifting her skirts she probably will not let you know it. But this is certain: she is too well-bred and too normal in her impulses deliberately to choose a road because of the filth that is to be found on it.

Her realism, in short, reflects her background, her personal ideals, and her theory that the novel must be a form of art. She has described in *The Saturday Review of Literature* what she modestly styled "One Way to Write Novels." I shall not review it here, but I would like to make it plain that her literary art represents not merely a sound conception and a finished technique but, even more, the deeper understanding that has come from fifty years of the most serious and most diversified reading. She is the sort of artist, who, had she chosen to paint, would have studied anatomy and even anthropology with as much diligence as pigments or chiaroscuro. The result is not still-life. A dramatic element is supplied by the fact that while she is maturely philosophical in thought, she is, without concession to the years, intense in speech and action.

Background, hatred of inhumanity, personal idealism, a distinctive, ever-changing artistry of realism—all these essential qualities of Ellen Glasgow appear in her "Vein of Iron." It probably is the greatest book she has ever written, both in the perfection of its technique and in its wise interpretation of life.

As we were talking about the novel the other day, I asked her the perennial question: "Have you started the next one?"

"No," she said, "I'm not sure there will be a next one. I may write some reflections and later I might undertake an autobiography, though I would never write an autobiographical novel."

I had to laugh: "When an artist hates inhumanity and continues to contemplate life, nothing but death will silence her—if death can."

Douglas Southall Freeman, editor of The Richmond News Leader, *is the author of a Life of Lee, published this year.*

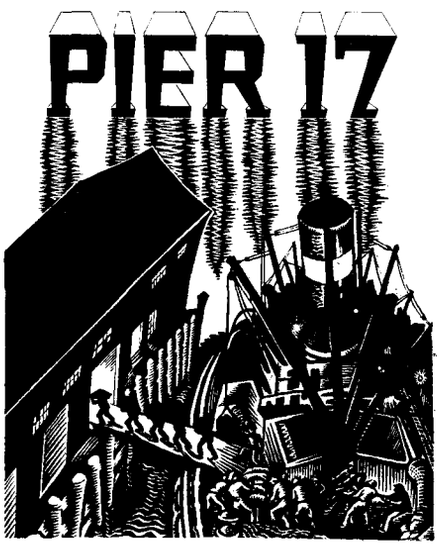
They Have to Live Too

PIER 17. By Walter Havighurst. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by Loyd Collins

SINCE this is a good book it is natural, I think, that I should speak of its faults and hasten to assure the reader that these faults are not the story. To begin with, early in the book there is an overload of disaster which the author's brevity does not carry well. The loss of the steam schooner *Skeena,* to choose an example, is done with scant effort to evoke the scene, and in the haste of the episode no man aboard her has the opportunity to appear in character. There is also the incongruous figure of Adrian Scarf, ordinary seaman, whose importance here one is reluctant to accept. In one or two cases Mr. Havighurst reveals a man's character only as the immediate introduction to his sudden part in the story, and we move from the contemplative to the active with such speed that we are doubting as we go.

But the story is about a seaman's strike in Seattle. As the *Pamona's* crew pay off, visit union headquarters, and join the picket line before the Seattle docks, there is nothing for the reader to doubt. And least of all does he doubt the real personalities of the strikers. It is still a rare thing that men on strike should be treated not only as human beings but as men with whom the reader instinctively allies himself. But here we take a natural pride in such patient, conservative fighters as Noonan, able seaman, and continue to sympathize with Lars Holderby long after the despair incidental to his condition has



JACKET DESIGN

made him bloodthirsty. Quite legitimately the boss does not appear. In this book it is a case of ourselves against the system.

It may be proper to point out that men can find relative comfort in working for the boss. He is not by definition a scoundrel, and if it does come to the worst you at least know the man with whom you quarrel. It is this that Captain Lanning of the *Pamona* has in mind when he says that in the old days he knew his owners, but now when he goes up to the office all he meets is the corporation. When the boss accepts the evasive anonymity of the corporation Captain Lanning, the bystander, feels with the belligerents in the picket line that neither justice nor opportunity can longer exist for the common man. The system, indeed, manifests its character only in the behavior of the flatfooted cop, an irregular man who turns up at such times as this to destroy his own people, who no doubt defends himself now and again with the pitiful words spoken by old Anderson, the dock watchman, from behind a deputy's badge: "Well, we got to live too."

It would surprise Mr. Havighurst to hear himself called a revolutionary. His yarn comes out of sympathies which have lately grown familiar to many of us, but not out of any political conviction that I can discover. This, I think, is a very proper thing in a novelist. The story is a short one, and the fact that it should rise from its initial difficulties to affect the reader as sharply as it does is a fair indication of the author's excellent powers.

Loyd Collins is the author of "Call Me Ishmael," a novel which, like Mr. Havighurst's, places many of its incidents where men of the sea foregather.

On Board the Deportation Special

STRANGE PASSAGE. By Theodore Irwin. New York: Smith & Haas. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by Alvah C. Bessie

IN respect to the subject-matter of his novel, Mr. Irwin apparently has the field to himself, for there seems to have been no previous treatment of the fate of the "undesirable" alien in this country, on his way, via the "deportation special," to that Island on which Liberty Enlightening the World turns her back. In this novel, which has many faults that are the result of both inexperience and garbled ideology, Mr. Irwin has taken the subject as his own.

From Seattle, the Deportation Special speeds across country with its assorted cargo of foreign-born who, for one reason or another—generally not very well-defined—the Government of the United States wishes to be shut of. Italian, Austrian, Belgian, Hungarian, Lithuanian and German, Japanese, Negro, Portuguese, Dutch and Polish—all, bewildered, angry, resigned, miserable, sane and pathological, well and ill, criminal or good citizen, all have, either through their own complicity, the accidents of chance, or the whim of the country's rulers, been adjudged undesirable and are on their way to their

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respective "native" lands. They are a sad and occasionally an amusing crew, and Mr. Irwin deserves considerable commendation for the ingenuity with which he has woven together several of their respective stories—the histories of their backgrounds and their errors or their innocence.

Two deportees are followed more particularly: Stephanie Verees, Belgian, whose father many years before, in Bruges, had committed manslaughter, and who was now herself being returned through a technicality; and Paul Kobel, Austrian, who entered the United States without the formality of a passport, as the result of a political mixup in which he was not actually involved. On the Deportation Sepcial, they meet and fall in love. Part Two commences nine years after the railroad accident which both separated them and freed them from deportation. Part Three brings them together again on their renewed return to their respective countries, via the Island.

To manipulate this romance, Mr. Irwin has been forced to stack his cards, and the result is a novel clumsily designed and forcibly held together by the vagaries of fate. The wreck of the train separates his characters so they may meet again later—Stephanie as the wife of a badly maladjusted Settlement House director, Paul as a successful industrial designer. Their love is renewed; they are faced with the difficult problem posed by Stephanie's husband who, with the aid of a psychiatrist, is apparently recovering himself; they are about to be deported again through their innocent complicity in a plot to help another alien; they are brought together for the happy ending by means of Stephanie's husband's confession that "nothing will be changed" between them when they meet again (her marriage would continue a marriage in name only), and by the offer of a contract for Paul from Soviet Russia.

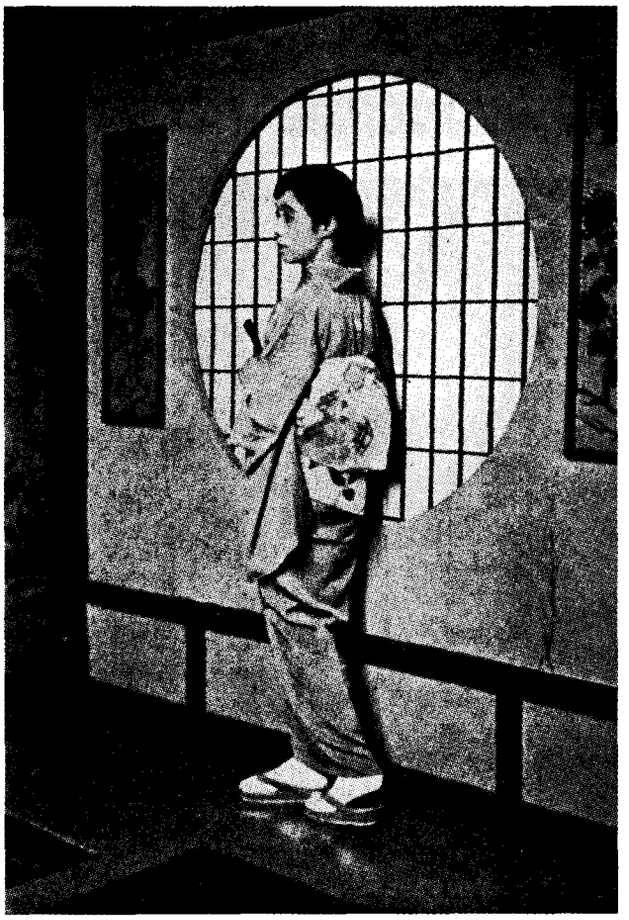
But there is more to this novel than this bare, sentimental outline; it is one of a growing number of novels of protest, and Mr. Irwin's sympathies are quite obviously with the Left. He makes out an excellent case against the practice of powerful employers, of using the Department of Labor's Immigration Service as a medium for strike-breaking and deportation of militant workers; he has exposed the crassness and brutality with which foreigners are handled in this land of liberty, and he has demonstrated an ability to handle human character on its own terms. But in so clumsily packing his thesis into novel-form, he has robbed his argument of much of its potential power.

Born to Change

FACING TWO WAYS. By Baroness Shidzué Ishimoto. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

FEW countries, except such a land as Russia where revolution cut a sudden line of cleavage between past and present, have gone through so rapid a translation from one manner of civilization to another as has Japan. The Baroness Ishimoto's father was born two years before the Meiji restoration which marked the passing of feudalism and the beginning of modern industrialism in Japan, and when she, his first child, came along about 1898, though it still, especially for its women, preserved much of its ancient social system, the country had been startlingly Westernized in many respects. "How many huge chimneys have I seen rising round high temple towers and against the picturesque hills of the seashore!" she exclaims. Her father now went to business in a cutaway and derby hat, and by the time she was fifteen years old had torn down his Japanese house and replaced it with one in the European style built by a German architect. The stamp of the Occident was on every phase of life.



BARONESS ISHIMOTO

But not for a time on her own. She grew up as a daughter of the samurai should, spending her childhood among scenes which as she describes them have all the loveliness of a Japanese print, among flowering hillsides, plum trees laden with bloom, willows waving over a stream delicately bridged with an arch, in a house where the children, all arrayed in kimonos, sat primly and properly on cushions on a mat floor, and where little girls were brought up strictly in the Japanese tradition. She went to the Peeresses' School, was taught there deportment and etiquette and all that went to the making of a Japanese woman of culture and station, and during the period of her schooling was carefully prepared by her mother as well as her teachers for the role of a wife. Europe had not yet freed the Japanese woman from subservience to her husband, or subjection to his mother, and when Shidzué in her seventeenth year was affianced to a young baron, she went to him as a woman of her country then must, completely docile to his will and obedient to her mother-in-law's régime. And what a trousseau she took! Dozens of kimonos and chests of linen and jewelled combs for the hair, all to become the possession of the groom's family like the bride herself.

Young Baron Ishimoto, however, was more forward looking for his wife than some of his race, and when he took his bride to the poverty-stricken mining town in which he was engineer, he bade her observe and study the problems of the people and gain some insight into the realities of life. He continued his training when a little later he brought her to New York, adopting the expedient of taking up living quarters in a mean, dirty lodging house, so that she might become interested in social problems, and then introducing her to one of the heads of the Y. W. C. A. The Baron builded better than he knew—or indeed, than he wished, for his wife rapidly developed into a thorough-going feminist, with a particular interest in spreading the gospel of birth control, and when she returned to Japan began a crusade for her ideas which her husband's coldness could not daunt.

It is to her visits to America and Europe, her Western friends, and her feminist activities that the second half of Baroness Ishimoto's book is devoted. Less picturesque than the first, it is still interesting and revealing. Indeed, her volume makes excellent reading throughout, presenting as it does the picture of a society "facing two ways," reaching back to the feudalism of old Japan and forward to the Western civilization of the present. As a document of woman's emergence from subjection it is of particular interest.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

In the Mail

NOTHING gives so satisfying a cross-section of life's infinite variety as the morning mail. Particularly in summer, when many good-natured clients are travelling or meditating, letters are a rich harvest to a sedentary editor.

FRANCES STELOFF, bookseller, whose first airplane experience was a flight all the way from Newark to San Francisco, wrote en route:

"This has been a red letter day for me. Even the pilots say it is unusually fine. We have just come over the Painted Desert and then the sun set. The beauty is simply intoxicating, especially since Albuquerque. We have been 13,000 feet above sea level, half way between the sky and the clouds. This is a Limited Edition world, it wouldn't be the least bit surprising to see the fairy queen appear with her magic wand. It got very bumpy after Kansas City and I was terribly sick. Until Winslow I was the only female. The pilots have been very kind and attentive, there is an extra one spending his vacation flying."

SPEAKING OF aviation, Señor Don A. F. Soler writes from Lima, Peru:

"We engaged a special plane and flew from Lima to Cuzco, and from Cuzco to the Inambari region, that is to say, to the Peruvian jungle. We flew over the peaks of the Andes, which took us up to 18,500 ft. and then down along the unknown and unexplored rivers of the Amazon basin, about 12 hours of really exciting flying. If you ever come back to Peru, I will give you the ride of your life—not to be confused with the often-mentioned one-way rides in the Chicago region."

EMILY S. COIT, Pensacola, Fla., tells us she has noticed the passionate loyalty of Iowans to their State. She heard a chauffeur near Colorado Springs say, "You think this is pretty? You just ought to see Iowa."

OUR PHOTOGRAPH this week, by Mr. Larry June, was taken during a recent vacation in Bermuda. We asked Mr. June to contribute to the Green's occasional series autobiographies of young artists whose work has interested us. He wrote not long since:

"Born at Addison, N. Y., south of the Finger Lakes, 1898. My father was the local photographer so I grew up in a studio. I went to Cornell to become a chemical engineer. To aid a very flat pocketbook I worked for local and university photographers. I finally graduated with economics as my major.

"After college I worked in rapid succession on a farm, in the purchasing dept. of an airplane factory, sold oil and automobile accessories, worked for a public utility, and taught school. Then

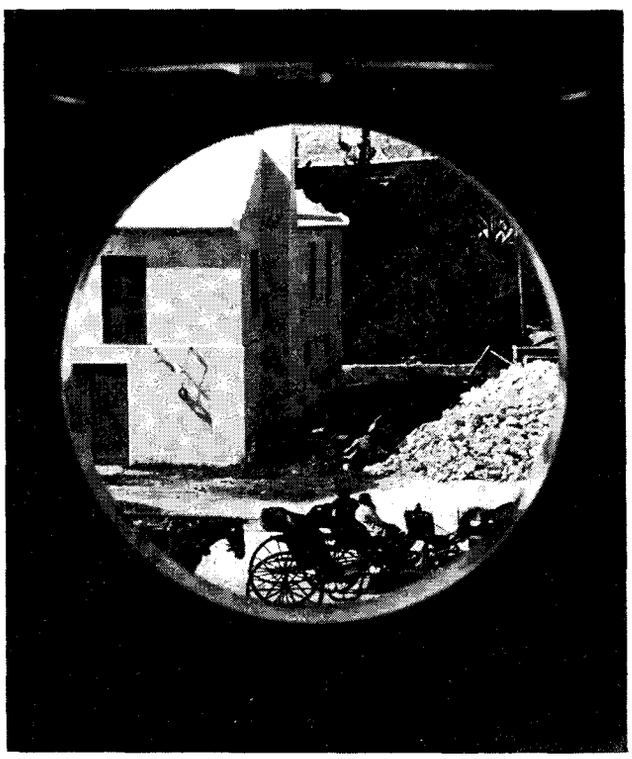

Photo by Larry June

THROUGH THE PORTHOLE
(S. S. *Vollendam*, St George's, Bermuda)

was factotum of the *Cornell Alumni News*. I came to New York in 1928 and was in the art department at Doubleday Doran until 1930. Since then with the Jersey City Printing Company selling printing. Most of my work is with publishing houses and I thoroughly enjoy it.

"My photography is a thing that seemed to grow of itself. Probably there is some desire for expression that finds this medium its best outlet. I have also tried sketching."

"NABOCHLISH"

SIR:—You wrote that you had come across the word "Nabochlish," liked its sound and wondered what it meant. Tonight I come across it in the Countess of Minto's book, "India, Minto and Morley." It occurs in a letter from Lord Morley, then Secretary of State for India, to Lord Minto, the Viceroy. Morley writes: "We talked of one or two annoying topics connected with the wire-pulling of certain persons whom I need not name, in newspapers and elsewhere. I wish I had thought of an Irish word that Walter Scott discovered on some visit to Ireland, and constantly used afterwards in his letters when trivial disagreeables came in his way: 'Nabochlish,' which is old Irish for new French 'N'importe.' When I hear or read some malicious or injurious word in politics, I find real comfort in saying to myself "Nabochlish' with a convinced emphasis. . . ."

To collect the equivalent expression in many languages might be interesting, starting with your expressive American, "I should worry."

EWEN R. IRVINE.
The Montreal *Gazette*.

MATHEMATICAL DEPARTMENT

SIR:—I bought Rouse Ball's *Mathematical Recreations and Essays* more than twenty years ago, together with two other small books on mathematical curiosities. I have not seen it for some time but I know it is tucked away on the book shelves because none of my friends is interested enough in such matters to borrow it.

I elected Mathematics as my major in college and met with considerable opposition from the head of the department. I learned that no woman had ever taken the major under him. His department was noted for brilliant students, and he was afraid of lowering the standard. I persisted, and we became the best of friends. He loved Mathematics as an art and not a tool. He gave us a gay little lecture on the problems which Rouse Ball treats in this book. Later in the class on Mathematical Astronomy he gave lectures on non-Euclidean Geometries and on the consequences that result from giving space some curvature other than zero. I kept the notes on this and when we had the demonstrations that space really has a positive curvature, it was interesting to refer to that theoretical demonstration made so many years ago.

San Antonio, Texas. LUCILLE S. SIEVERS.

(*Continued on page* 16)

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In the Mail

(*Continued from page* 14)

"BILLY BUDD"

THE CONCIERGE'S Cats, 4 rue Arsène Houssaye, Paris, inform us that Herman Melville's *Billy Budd* has lately appeared in a French translation. "The publisher, Victor Attinger, announces that Melville 'appartient à cette race de géants inquiets de l'age d'or qui modelèrent au XIXe siècle la conscience américaine.'" They add: "It is to be regretted that French publishers shun fiction during the summer (except reprints of old favorites) and think nothing of putting out books like *Les Fines Gueules de France* by Curnonsky & Andrieu which is described as 'Les 700 meilleurs adresses gastronomiques de France' and costs 35 francs."

HERE IS a letter from Jerry Vogel, music publisher, about the renaissance of Henry J. Sayers' grand old song *Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay* (or, as it was first written, *Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-Deré*). He says: "This number which I am reviving with additional new verses is again gaining wide popularity. Its catchy tune and funny lines are immediately remembered by oldtimers. Hope you may join the procession singing the praises of the number."

Goodness, Jerry, I have a notion that I was somewhere near the head of that procession. I rather think that the revival of Tarara dates from spring 1929 when (with Mr. Sayers' permission) we introduced the song in *The Black Crook* over in Hoboken. What amuses me most to recall is how promptly all the oldtimers then claimed to remember the verses—which were mostly written by your servant, since no one at that time seemed able to supply more than two of the original lot. I'd be greatly interested to see what these additional new verses look like. Our own, carefully calculated in the mood of the 90's, went something like this; if anyone enjoys bawling Tarara in the car on the way from a picnic, they may be useful:

I'm a daisy, a success,
Nice in manner, nice in dress,
I will make my way I guess
Like the Empire State Express.
Go where the Four Hundred goes,
Luncheon at Delmonico's,
Ride in hansoms with my beaux,
Drink that stuff of Veuve Clicquot's.
Ta-ra-ra, etc.

I've a friend, his name is Jim,
Gee, I think a lot of him,
Took me to Long Branch to swim,
Said I had a pretty limb.
Summer sunshine brightly shone,
I can swim like any swan,
Mother said I shouldn't have gone
Bathing with no stockings on.
Ta-ra-ra, etc.

There were several other verses in our Hoboken version, but memory escapes me at the moment. One just vaguely rings in my head——I can see Beth Meakins singing it and her troupe of damsels in Quaker gray with their long black stockings and demure white breeks. Something about "I went cycling in the park, There I met a fresh young spark, And when it was growing dark, Tarara!" But almost my favorite was the one we gave the comedian so that Beth would have time to get her breath among so many encores. Like this:—

I'm a boy from Brooklyn Heights,
How I like to stay up nights,
See the city's wicked sights,
Go to shows where girls wear tights.
I can go the pace, no fear.
Once I drank a glass of beer;
Then I saw a girl, quite near,
Kick up to the chandelier.

I can't help wondering whether these are among the quaint old lines that the graybeards are sentimentally recognizing as of the 90's.—We even had a verse in very plattdeutsch German (composed in consultation with the learned Dr. Arnold Genthe) intended to appeal to Hoboken sensibilities, but I don't think we ever used it:

Wer jetzt in Hoboken iszt
Sauerkraut und Schnitzel friszt,
Seidel auch wird nicht gemiszt,
Trinke bis du trunken bist.
Wenn wir dann erst Mann und Frau
Zaehle du das Cash genau,
Waehrend ich die Bein anschau
Von die Frauleins—au, au, au!

These rough and ready lyrics are not adduced as literature, but entered into the record as part of theatrical folklore.

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Miss Johnson's Stories

WINTER ORCHARD. By Josephine Johnson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON'S "Winter Orchard" follows pretty closely upon the heels of Tess Slesinger's "Time: The Present." Here are two collections of short stories by women writers who made a considerable reputation for themselves, last year, with first novels. A comparison between the two collections is curious. Miss Slesinger writes about people, and you feel that the gifts with which nature has supplied her, reinforced by a certain social adroitness in the selection of her material, will carry her to the front rank. Miss Johnson does not write about people, but about moods—her own moods; and you cannot be sure that her writing will carry her anywhere.

There is hardly a passage in Miss Johnson's writing, so highly and so generally praised, which will bear a close scrutiny. At its periphery it seems to be delicate, precise, perceptive, but the further you go into the heart of it the more aware you are of clouds and confusion. I can well believe that she spends a great deal of time in polishing and repolishing her sentences; and the effect, in such a piece of purely descriptive writing as that which gives the title to her collection, is admirable. But it is, none the less, undisciplined writing.

Miss Johnson does not seem very concerned with other people. Her characters are not porous; her feelings flow, not into them, but round them; they stand, meagre and wooden and sometimes farcical, in a slow stream of images. This is particularly evident in a story called "August Evening," which is concerned with an improbable, and unintentionally comic, dialogue in a graveyard. This is true of the two women in "Safe"; of the girl in "I Was Sixteen"; of the chief characters in "Old Harry" and "Mathilda": they are very far gone in unreality. But it is true that few writers are so responsive to their own frustrations and fantasies as Miss Johnson is; few writers run away from life with such a grave air of running into it.

The question remains—can she escape from herself and into life? "Dark," "County Fair," "Arcadia Recalled," and one or two other pieces, have a quality of detachment which seems to indicate that she can.

It would seem that Miss Johnson, with her real literary gifts, her sensitiveness, her acute and undeveloped perceptions, will one day write extremely well. At the moment, she presents us with little more than an articulate, an interesting, a quite unresolved confusion; and her stories are like a succession of clouds, which, in memorable and fantastic shapes, interpose themselves between the eye and the sun.

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Thomism and Esthetic Experience

POETIC EXPERIENCE. By Thomas Gilby. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1935. $1.

ENGLISH POETRY AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By F. W. Bateson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. $2.25.

Reviewed by JOHN CROWE RANSOM

HERE are two books which are both qualifiable by those reckless and indeterminate adjectives, "important" and "brilliant," and they both deal with the esthetic experience, without having much specifically in common. Mr. Gilby's book is Number 13 in the series of little books appearing under the direction of young English Catholics and called "Essays in Order." It has to do with the question whether the definition which St. Thomas gave to the esthetic experience was an adequate one, and that involves the author in the philosophical and psychological question of what the esthetic experience really is. Mr. Bateson, on the other hand, is a literary scholar who professes not to be a philosopher but is able to propose a new point of view from which to construct the history of English poetry. Mr. Gilby talks about poetry too, for that matter, but to him poetry is the name of a wide class of experiences which Plotinus might have called love, and which includes poetry only among many specific manifestations. One book is valuable for esthetic philosophy, the other for literary criticism.

Mr. Gilby is a sound esthetician, and the derivation of his doctrine from the Summa Theologica is convincing. It is all in that comprehensive work, though its parts are scattered and have to be assembled; St. Thomas evidently not having regarded himself at any time in the single capacity of an esthetician, in which respect he certainly was not very much behind Aristotle, who appears to have noticed himself in that light only briefly for the sake of completeness. I am persuaded that there is not anywhere a bolder or clearer statement of the distinction between poetry and science than we have in this Thomistic collation.

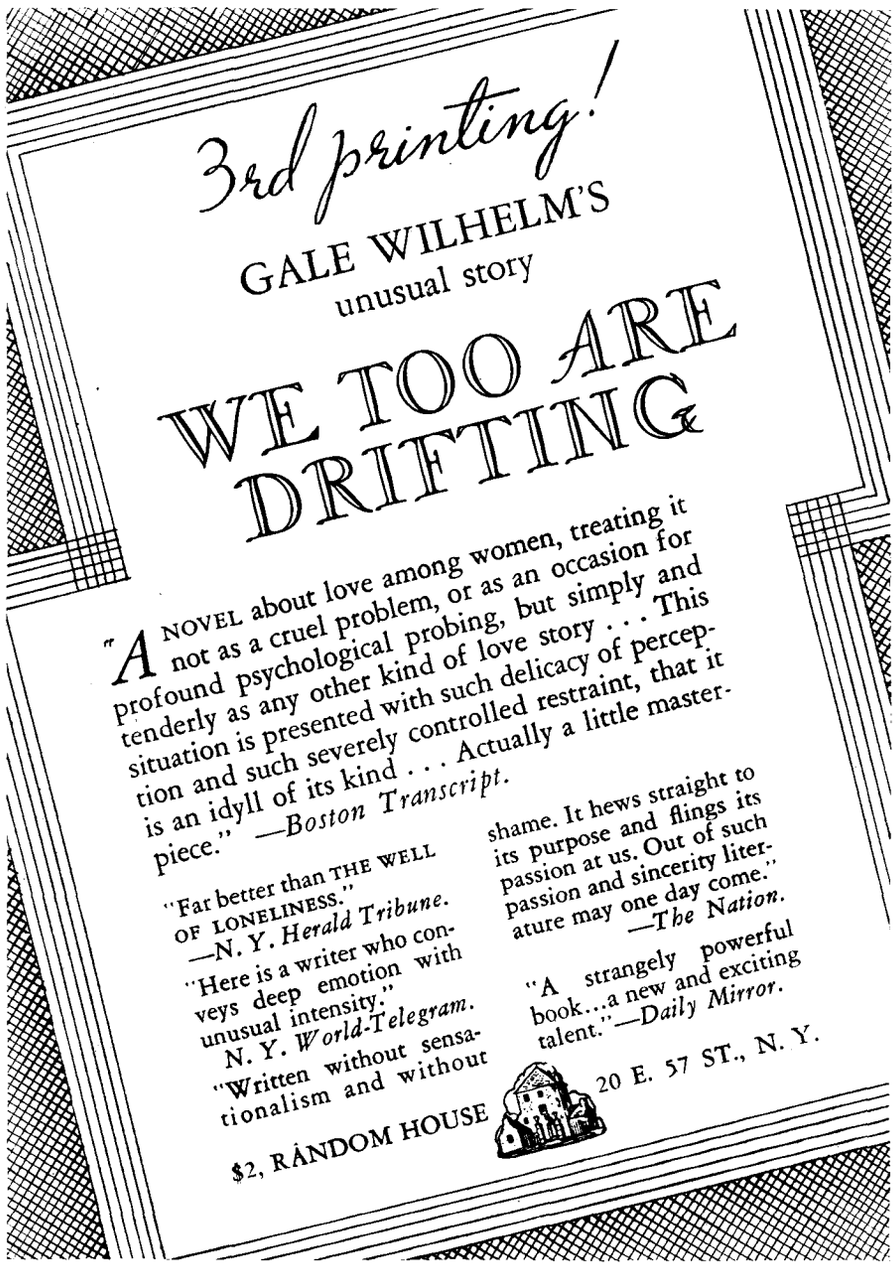
The reader who is like myself, with a high impression (not too well documented) of St. Thomas's acuteness and inclusiveness as a philosopher, and a general understanding of the role of the Church in justifying and defending the historic modes by which the human mind has expressed itself, will not be surprised at discovering that the saints and schoolmen had a philosophy of art. I will go further than that. It was a philosophy which needs to be recovered today for use against some inferior competitors. This is its mark: it looks steadfastly upon the esthetic experience as a way of knowing, though a way different from the intellectual way; as a truthful cognitive experience. But the tendency of the moderns, led by the psychologists, is to abandon poetry as a cognition, concede that its knowing has no objective validity, and defend it entirely on the ground that it "pleases" or "gratifies" or "expresses" that set of feelings, desires, yearnings, illusions, and superstitions in us from which no scientific training has yet been able to emancipate the most of us. Mr. Gilby's methodical statement of the opposite conception has therefore an importance not to be denied.

Mr. Bateson is one of the increasing company of younger minds who are refounding the technique of literary criticism. (His preface shows the lamentable necessity of this move.) I believe it is not unfair to say that the members of this group will have to call Mr. T. S. Eliot their spiritual father.

The thesis underlying the present work is as follows. Literary historians in the past have generally assumed that the poetry of any age—aside perhaps from the personal eccentricities of the poets—is a function of the general current of ideas, political, sociological, economic, and so on, which defines the *Zeitgeist* or Spirit of the Age. But this assumption is misleading as an account of direct causes; it is also fairly barren when it comes to producing a specific criticism, since it always justifies some very obtuse idealists in calling their cruel malpractice by the name of criticism. The more fruitful assumption which Mr. Bateson proposes, and tries out, is that the cause of any periodic variation in the poetry is to be found not in the general ideas of the period but in the changing conception and use of the language; so that literary history is based at last on the study of linguistic. If this seems doubtful at first sight, Mr. Bateson's quick glance at the periods under his new critical instrument will prove that it has a good deal of usefulness.

He entitles the present little book "An Experiment in Literary History," but promises a larger and fuller work. The project looks big enough, and profitable enough, to engage a lifetime of critical scholarship.

John Crowe Ransom is professor of English at Vanderbilt University, and a poet whose volumes of verse include the much-praised "Poems About God."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The "Naughty Nineties" As Revealed By Their "Prize" Playboy

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Here you see the money kings and queens of America, not as the newspapers reported them, but as they really were—hard-working, hard-living men, whose greatest thrill was to amass more millions—jealous, vying, spendthrift wives who sought to strengthen their social position by a scale of entertainment so lavish and so startling that it shocked the entire world.

And here, for the first time, you have revealed, with bare-faced frankness, the intimate life story of Harry Lehr, international playboy, supreme social arbiter, matchmaker and Beau Brummel extraordinary for more than twenty years!

Profusely illustrated with photographs, this book is now on sale at all bookstores. Price $3. (Published by LIPPINCOTT)

"KING LEHR"

AND THE GILDED AGE

With Excerpts Taken from His Locked Diary

By His Wife

ELIZABETH DREXEL LEHR

FOR OUR MUTUAL BENEFIT, we call your attention once more to the unparalleled opportunity offered by *The Saturday Review's* PERSONAL COLUMNS. Where else can you sell a mouse trap, buy a donkey, annoy a stuffed shirt, or express an opinion in print (witty or otherwise) for only seven cents a word? See page 23 of this issue.

The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE new publishing house of *Lee Furman, Inc.*, seems worth a paragraph. It is located at 381 Fourth Avenue (Tel: Bogardus 4-0632). For the past quarter of a century Mr. Furman has headed the Macaulay Company, and was responsible for publishing *The American Caravan*. The new firm starts with four books for this Fall: "A Sign for Cain," a novel by *Grace Lumpkin* (who won the Maxim Gorky prize for the best labor novel of 1932), "American Philosophy Today and Tomorrow" by twenty-five noted American philosophers, edited by *Horace M. Kallen* and *Sidney Hook;* "The Street I Know," the autobiography of *Harold E. Stearns*, once editor of *The Dial;* and "Ivalue: The Eskimo Wife," by *Peter Freuchen*, author of the romance "Eskimo," which attracted attention four years ago as a novel and later on the screen. With Mr. Furman will be associated *Mary Dewhurst Blankenhorn*, formerly of *The Nation* and with Brandt & Brandt. . . . *Sinclair Lewis* has just sailed for England with his wife, *Dorothy Thompson*. . . . If you are interested in genuine Americana, the Remington-Putnam Book Company, 347 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland, has recently published "Land Ho! The Original Diary of a Forty-Niner," by *Elliott Wilkinson Cook*, of Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y., edited by *Jane James Cook*. The writer went to California by schooner to Panama and thence overland across the isthmus, taking passage on another vessel to San Francisco. The price of the book is four-fifty. . . . There have been so many novels with thunder in the title, ever since *Christopher Morley* led off a few years ago with "Thunder on the Left," that it finally brought me to the verge of hysteria. The climax was capped (with the cap crammed down over its eyes) the other day when I observed the title of a first novel by an English captain in the late war, *J. L. Hardy*. The title was "Everything Is Thunder"! Funny the way there'll be a run on titles all of one kind or embodying one word or phrase. One year, I remember, there was a cloudburst of titles with "black" in them. . . . I suppose this season people will be taking up *Catherine de Medici* in a serious way, just as several seasons ago, on account of *Stefan Zweig*, they were all agog over *Marie Antoinette*. True, Zweig has now got a big tome out on *Mary Queen of Scots;* but then there have been so many biographies of that great queen within the last few years! The Catherine de Medici book is, of course, written by *Francis Watson* and published by Appleton-Century. . . . *Richard Burton* has been getting busy in the Department of Literature for the Screen at Warner Brothers, in writing about that firm's forthcoming production in October of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The firm has spent a fortune on this literary masterpiece, and if the response to it is what the Warners hope, they intend to follow up with other great Shakespearian plays. . . . *Ethel Romig Fuller*, poetry editor of *The Oregonian* out in Portland, recently performed a beat in entering three manuscripts in the poetry division of the Los Angeles Festival of the Allied Arts, and winning one first award and two seconds, with the three. . . . The beginning of December Doubleday, Doran will present *Burton Rascoe's* "Before I Forget," his account of how the last forty years have affected him. Incidentally it's a portrait of the American literary scene that ought to be both highly entertaining and valuable. They say that it reads like a novel. The illustrations are caricatures and informal photographs. . . . Miss *Dawes Markwell* writes me from Pennsylvania that she was all stirred up by my mention of "that extraordinary English harlot, *Sophie Dawes.*" She asks in what way she was extraordinary and how she can find out about her; because Miss Markwell has an ancestor, *William Dawes*, who went on midnight parties with *Paul Revere*, and she wants to add another eccentric to the family tree. All my information about the celebrated Sophie comes *re* "The Scandal of Sophie Dawes" (Appleton-Century), written by that extraordinary *Marjorie Bowen* who is also *George Preedy*. Sophie Dawes, if I do not repeat myself, was an English harlot who rose to a position of great importance in the house of a Prince of France. They say she was "veritably a viper." . . . I'm glad that *S. Foster Damon* has at last completed his definitive biography of *Amy Lowell* and that Houghton Mifflin will bring it out in October. Mr. Damon, a member of the faculty of Brown University and a poet and critic of distinction, was an intimate friend of Miss Lowell. They say that "Amy Lowell: A Chronicle" is a fine, vital portrait. . . . Another book on the same publisher's list that interests me, as a follower of verse, is "Letters to Harriet: Reflections of a Poet's Mind," being letters to the woman who became his wife by the late *William Vaughn Moody*. They cover the years from 1901 to 1909. . . . It's about time for the review copies of *T. S. Eliot's* "Murder in the Cathedral," from Harcourt, Brace. Probably by the time you read this I'll have seen a copy. The book will be published on the 19th and they say that even the movies are interested. Can you imagine Paramount buying a script from T. S. Eliot!

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 74)

DEFOE—"THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN"

I cannot think that God Almighty . . . furnished women with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

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The New Books

Fiction

WORLDS APART. By Princess Marthe Bibesco. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.50.

This novel is a strange bit of propaganda. Princess Marthe Bibesco is quite obviously pleading the cause of the modern French aristocrat. She portrays a great socialist statesman in love with a princess. She caricatures the scandal-mongering world that holds them apart and works their destruction. She decorates her delicate analysis of their emotions with ironic commentary upon the futility of the French Revolution and of all revolutions. The book is not so much a novel as an essay imaginatively illustrated. There are almost no conversations and the narrative is dotted with rhetorical questions. Princess Bibesco would seem to propose a union of the "grands esprits" of the aristocracy and the proletariat as the solution of class warfare. One is conscious of her deep, almost religious sincerity, but one does not have to be a Marxist to feel the romanticism of her plea.

Indeed, Princess Bibesco betrays her own cause when she speaks of the "astral body" of the French aristocracy. One simply cannot believe in the loyalties of her Princess, nor can one believe in a socialist enchanted out of himself by an atmosphere of dried roses and faded traditions. Even when one is held momentarily by the picture of modern children of the nobility led along the actual path of the revolutionary tumbril by their grandmother, the ghosts evoked disappear as one turns the page.

D. P.

WE TOO ARE DRIFTING. By Gale Wilhelm. Random House. 1935. $2.

This novel of Lesbian love is written in so perfectly direct a manner and stays so completely within its own little circle that there is no outside comparison or criterion for it. In this way the story remains a thing in itself to be judged as such. Miss Wilhelm writes very well. Her style is forceful and clear, although, at least in the present work, it has a delicacy in even its most realistic passages. The subject is the eternal triangle, but this time with three women composing it. Had the "Jan" of the story been a man, the whole thing would have been conventional enough and would have merited note for its color and feeling and clarity. With Jan a woman, a large class of readers will be definitely offended by the situation. No one will be offended by the manner of treatment which remains objective and sincere throughout. The little book makes no pretense to the pseudo-scientific with moralistic interpolations which made "The Well of Loneliness" so heavy, and neither fish nor fowl-ish. It is a slight but complete accomplishment.

G. G. B.

Miscellaneous

THE GARDENER'S HOW BOOK. By Chesla C. Sherlock. Macmillan. 1935. $3.50.

THE PRACTICAL GARDEN NOTE-BOOK. By Ellen Browder Beau. Chicago, Illinois: 5748 *Harper Avenue.* 1935.

Mr. Sherlock has gathered the types of problems average gardeners encounter in the average suburban garden and runs the gamut from annuals to trees and vines. His suggestions—each being numbered—total 574. Five hundred and seventy-four associated bits of good horticultural practice that, once in the gardener's head, need only to be tried. Some of it is based on the author's own experience, and beyond that he draws on the experience and knowledge of sixty-eight well-known authorities which he acknowledges in his bibliography. An experts' round-table, with Mr. Sherlock keeping order and setting forth their combined wisdom in an

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH ON THE CAMPUS *Addison Simmons* (Crowell: $2.)	College prof., student, and 15 (count 'em) gangsters killed before another educator nails his man.	Starting as typical, and workmanlike, college town mystery, tale goes Hammetty - Hammetty to rather ridiculous conclusion.	Wash-out
DEATH WEARS A MASK *Therese Benson* (Harpers: $2.)	Actress, stabbed in N.Y. police head's apt., causes much trouble and passionate emoting.	Tale solves itself—with police, acidulous spinster, and Chinese butler helping a little.	Not so good
A MOST IMMORAL MURDER *H. Ashbrook* (Coward-McCann: $2)	Bayonet murders of rich philatelist and his lawyer's secretary's mother arouse Spike Tracy from lethargy.	Originally published as "He Killed A Thousand Men" in one issue of Mystery Magazine—for twenty cents.	20 cents worth

The author of TIME TO LIVE

Gove Hambidge

tells how he did it in

Enchanted Acre

THESE adventures and misadventures in "backyard farming" tell of rich, personal experiences in gardening, bee-keeping, fruit culture, raising animals, finding a new sense of leisure and many other topics of practical interest. A wise book of stimulating ideas for everyone who has, or hopes to have, even a small plot of land.

"Mr. Hambidge has a pleasant way of mixing fact and philosophy. His book is packed with practical advice."—*Lewis Gannett.*

"He begins with his first page . . . to make his readers feel some measure of that enchantment and to understand what it means for him."—*N. Y. Times.*

"A particularly timely book. There is a blending of the scientific and poetic viewpoints along with . . . a host of practical details."—*Boston Transcript.*

Illustrated $2.50

WHITTLESEY HOUSE
McGraw-Hill Building
330 W. 42nd St., New York

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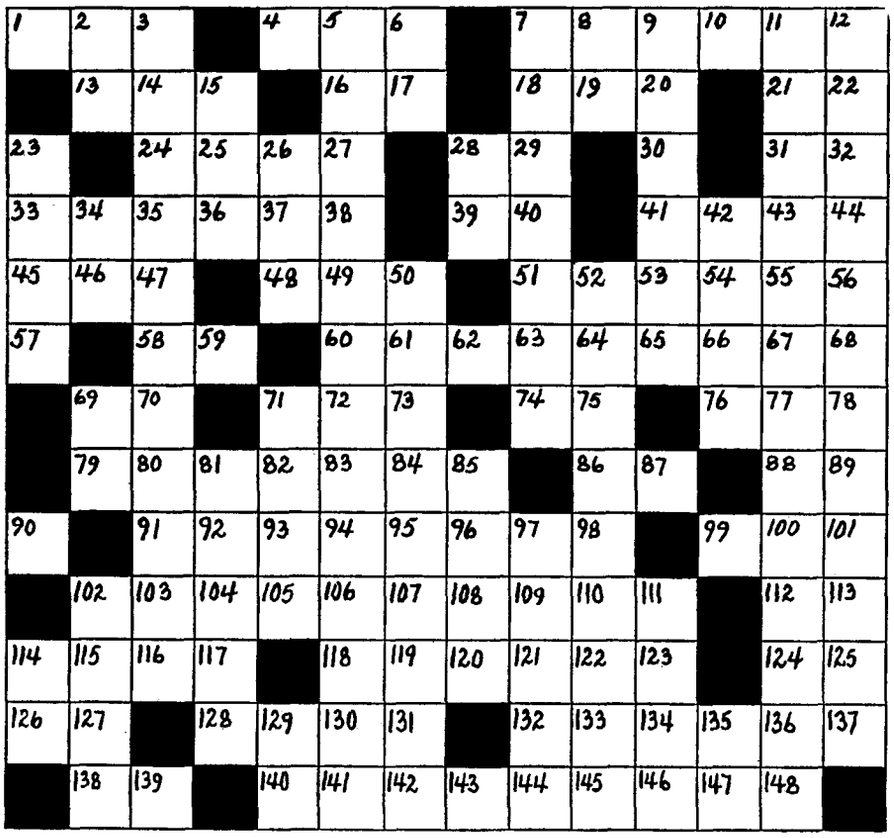
Double-Crostics: No. 75

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-two words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Greek market place.

II. A condition of oblivion.

III. Overthrew.

IV. Unfitness, lack of ability.

V. Declined to prosecute (legal).

VI. Cannoneers.

VII. Mosaic or Jewish law.

VIII. Attach; disagreeable.

IX. Not in any place.

X. Masculine name.

XI. A people of India.

XII. Editor of the Five-Foot Shelf.

XIII. King Arthur's sword.

XIV. British soldier.

XV. Gibes.

XVI. An Elizabethan prose romance.

XVII. Beethoven's last symphony.

XVIII. Jocular.

XIX. Puritan divine and writer.

XX. Opposed.

XXI. Hazard.

XXII. Illustrator of "Alice in Wonderland."

WORDS

99 71 83 113 126

27 86 105 138 60

20 55 16 100 139 148

144 116 64 102 88 129 48 5 137 17

19 25 65 43 14 40 70 75 50 101

114 51 80 145 95 3 120

127 134 62 13 125

106 1 130 45 142 63 121 94 119

59 4 84 36 41 96 11

124 89 98 8 118 37 107 131

49 74 54 73 91 68

67 128 93 2 39

78 42 140 69 136 58 7 146 6

30 21 81 109 82 132

143 34 112 57 117 24

23 26 35 133 61 147 12

87 104 92 33 77

22 135 31 141 103 72 79 29

90 108 56 18 122 9 46

110 66 123 38 47 32

44 10 97 53

76 15 85 52 28 115 111

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

easily found and readily understood fashion. The book bristles with facts—important facts for gardeners—and yet one looks, unsatisfied, for an occasional glint of charm or a light touch to give it relief.

In "The Practical Garden Note Book" Mrs. Bean gives index cards on various garden subjects and types of gardens, flower groups, trees, shrubs, and vines—plant breeding, vegetables, fruit, etc., with blank spaces in which to record facts about them. There are also twenty-five plant records and an envelope for clippings. These pages when filled out should make a comprehensive garden diary which would prove more and more valuable as the seasons and one's experience accumulate. And if this notebook falls into the hands of real gardeners, it will doubtless produce many amusing and helpful records.

DEATH IN THE DESERT, The Fifty Years' War for the Great Southwest. By Paul I. Wellman. Macmillan. 1935. $3.

Mr. Wellman's earlier volume, a popular account of the wars with the Plains Indians—"Death on the Prairie"—was a sound performance historically, and very readable. This time he has offered us a similar story of the wars with the desert tribes of Arizona and New Mexico (1822-1886), Apaches, Pueblos, and Navajos. For good measure he has thrown in two chapters recounting the events of the Modoc War in Oregon. The book is even more graphically written than "Death on the Prairie," and lavishly illustrated with reproductions of old photographs. It is filled with action, hardships, and horrors; for the Apaches, who occupy the chief place in the story, were unequalled as warriors, and as ruthless as their neighbors, the rattlesnakes. In spite of their unhappy way of torturing captives and their penchant for indiscriminate slaughter, it is interesting to note that Mr. Wellman has some difficulty in being impartial: he evidently thinks the whites were worse than the redskins, and lays the blame for the atrocities at the door of our greed, cruelty, and oppression.

No one can read this story without feeling a profound admiration for the daring, endurance, skill, and tenacity of the Apache warrior, or lay it aside without a deep appreciation of the service rendered by the soldiers who brought peace and civilization to the Southwest. They sometimes fought the devil with fire, and often enough their tricks deserved no other name than treachery. But, however the fight was won, we must be grateful to them for putting an end to that long reign of terror in the Desert lands, no matter what its causes may have been. No troops ever faced or conquered greater difficulties, or had to oppose a more wily, hardier, or more relentless enemy.

Mr. Wellman's book is a real addition to the library of Southwestern history. It contains an adequate bibliography, a map of the region showing the location of the principal engagements described, and an index.

S. V.

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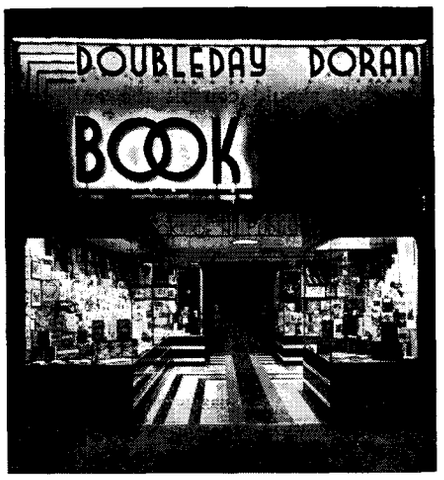
Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Quercus is in an excellent peevishness at this moment. ☞A lady is on the phone who wants to interview him about his "hobbies." ☞To which his reply is, as soon as you put your hobby in print it becomes a trade. ☞A sensible letter from C. A. M., Brooklyn, urges enervated old Q to take a day off; advice he leaps at.



☞*Salud y Pesetas* to Alfred A. Knopf, who published his first book (a volume of plays, by Augier if we recall, edited by Barrett Clark) 20 years ago next week. ☞*Salud y Pesetas* to Messrs. Bates and Schoonmaker, vintners, who started their excellent little wine business 6 months ago next week—Old Q was happy to visit their agreeable cellar (10 stories up) in the old Manhattan Hotel building, which always had a pleasant tradition of degustation, nostril-pursing and the velveteen aromas of the Golden Rib. ☞The Complete Wine Book, by Schoonmaker & Marvel (Simon & Schuster) was officially endorsed by some Winegrowers' Chamber of Commerce in France (we hope we have this correct) which was high praise. ☞Old Q was able to point out to Mr. Schoonmaker that there is a suburb of Beaune called Bouze. ☞It's odd that William Gillette's play, *Sherlock Holmes,* was never published until now: Doubleday announces it for Sept. 6 ($2.00) with an introduction by the eminent Baker Street Irregular, Mr. Vincent Starrett.

☞Quercus is the confidant of Joseph Consolino who represents the SRL and a number of publishers throughout New England and now shares a real trade secret. On his summer trip, this enterprising traveler discovered a bookshop in a wealthy residential district within three hundred miles of New York City which has never previously been visited by a publisher's salesman in the six years it has been in business. ☞The owner-buyer of this attractive and unusual bookshop (Quercus has given oath never to reveal its name) made a wide but judicious selection from the Fall lists of the publishers represented by Mr. Consolino in quantities of fives and tens and also decided to sell *The Saturday Review* to her customers. In the past, she had bought all her books from a jobber and had never even seen an advance dummy. But despite these handicaps she has a thriving business with excellent credit, and today sells the SRL from the Silver Salver (the new three-piece bookstore display unit).

☞California, always excellent territory for the SRL, has another ambitious bookstore. James and Betty Hakes write that they have just opened a new shop dealing in current American books and importations under the name of the Westwood Book Store at 938 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles. Beginning with this issue, they are selling the SATURDAY REVIEW to their customers from the Silver Salver. ☞The first customer at the new Doubleday Doran Bookshop in Detroit was Mr. Storer Lunt of W. W. Norton, Inc. Mr. Lunt wired Cedric Crowell, chancellor of the D. D. shops, that it's the handsomest bibliotheque in the country. ☞Which cannot be so unless they have the new Silver Salver, only 75c postpaid.

☞An unusual situation arose when the Book of the Month Club chose Lawrence's *Seven Pillars* as their selection for October. The book is in the hands of a different publisher in Canada, so for the Dominion Book-of-the-Monthers another book was chosen—*viz.,* Dr. Cronin's magnificently powerful novel, *The Stars Look Down*—which, from the point of view of straight easy readability, is even more likely to give pleasure. ☞Since Old Quercus is going to take a Day Off he might as well say what he really thinks.

Split Second Exposure

Swathed in the breezy shadows of a mess of sycamore trees and rouged by trickling shafts of gold light that slip through the heavy foliage, the new and swanky Fresh Air branch of the Public Library system of New York grabbed itself the choice southeast corner of historic Bryant Park, set up shop, and is bellowing out to the citizens of the Big Town that it is open for business in the elegant culture and literati game—*viz.,* the circulation of nifty tomes and mags to one and all. This noble outdoor stunt, originated for our happy burg by Mrs. Edna S. Lewis, Editor of Publications of the New York Adult Education Society, is stepping fast into the popularity class and the park becoming the happy reading grounds for hundreds of the unemployed and the lucky babies who are employed in and around said vicinity.

The Fresh Air Branch is strictly in a class by itself and does away with registration requirements and other red tape dope necessary to secure a tome or periodical as demanded by other branch libraries. Here you simply ankle up to the joint, grab yourself a book or magazine, spell your name out to the pretty gal at the table and find yourself a seat. And if your eyes are good and time is no factor you're set for a nine-hour stretch—10 A.M. to 7 P.M., at which time the staff quits, the business closes and the sun goes down.

Starting shop with 500 octavos, half fiction and half in the non-fiction group, and several hundred copies of magazines, business on the opening day, August 17, showed 112 people availing themselves of the service. From then on the number of "customers" has increased considerably to where the library staff is now dealing off the tomes at the rate of four to five

(*Continued on page* 23)

As Old as the Seven Hills—as Modern as Ernest Hemingway

SUETONIUS'

THE LIVES OF THE TWELVE CAESARS

(Julius, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian)

Newly translated with an introduction by H. M. Bird, this lively rendering of a great classic dwarfs all modern efforts to depict the life of ancient Rome. Suetonius, one-time secretary to the Emperor Hadrian, had access to many important documents, and knew whereof he wrote. Pio Baroja, the Spanish novelist, once said: "It is the greatest collection of horrors in history. You leave it with the imagination perturbed, scrutinizing your soul to discover whether you may not be yourself a hog or a wild beast." Limited to 1500 numbered copies for America, this edition contains 16 full-page illustrations hand-printed from plates by Hempstead (engraver to the Chicago Art Institute) after drawings by FRANK C. PAPÉ, and also numerous decorations by the same artist, similar to those illustrated above. Bound in black buckram stamped in gold, on beveled boards, large octavo (size 7½" x 10½"), originally offered at $15.00, *the few copies remaining may now be purchased for only* **$9.85.**

This de-luxe volume and many others, new and rare, as well as catalogues, bulletins, and announcements are to be had from the Argus Book Shop and its publishing subsidiary. Address requests and orders to . . .

ARGUS BOOKS, 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE FOOL OF VENUS. By George Cronyn. *Covici-Friede.*

NIJINSKY. By Romola Nijinsky. *Simon & Schuster.*

ENGLISH JOURNEY. By J. B. Priestley. *Harpers.*

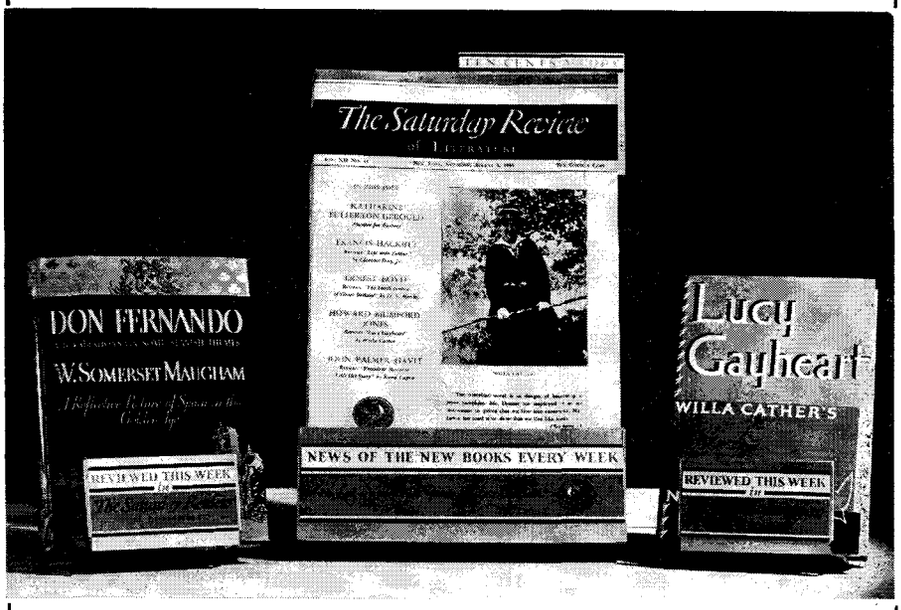
Of Shoes—and Ships—and Sealing Wax

"THE time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things," and I have gathered together here a miscellaneous assortment of questions that have been piling up on my desk for weeks. *G. J. of Brooklyn, N. Y.*, for instance, wants a general history of painters and painting since the Renaissance, preferably one not exceeding ten dollars in price. She'll find that Volume IV of Elie Faure's five-volume HISTORY OF ART (Harpers: $7.50), which has been translated into English by Walter Pach, and which succeeds the volume on Renaissance Art, covers the period she wishes. Also she will find much that is stimulating and considerable that is controversial in Thomas Craven's MODERN ART (Simon & Schuster: $4.50), a discussion of men, movements, and meaning. For very recent work she can consult Soby's AFTER PICASSO (Dodd, Mead & Co.). *M. L. B. of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma,* who is desirous of locating material on Bells and says she is already familiar with the standard books by William Gorham Rice and Satis Rice, might consult further BELLS THROUGH THE AGES (London: Chapman), by J. R. Nichols, and CHURCH BELLS OF ENGLAND (Oxford University Press), by H. B. Walters. And since she is interested in campanology, she ought to read, frivolous as the suggestion may seem, Dorothy Sayers's excellent detective story, THE NINE TAILORS (Harcourt, Brace), where bell ringing is described in most fascinating wise and with a knowledge and thoroughness that should appeal to the student as well as the reader on entertainment bent. *Mrs. W. H. A. of Sheffield, Ala.*, who is in a quandary as to which of the Texas writers to include in the program she is drawing up for the winter's activity of her club, should consult the anthology edited by M. Major and R. W. Smith, entitled THE SOUTHWEST IN LITERATURE (Macmillan), and should also secure the TEXAS BOOK LIST issued by Whitmore and Smith of Dallas, Texas. This last lists an imposing number of authors and works produced by the Lone Star State and should furnish all the material that Mrs. W. H. A. needs. She asks, by the way, for the names of one or two authors, not necessarily resident now in Texas, who are a product of that region. The names of Dorothy Scarborough, author of THE LAND OF COTTON, THE WIND, etc., and of John Lomax, collector of ballads, spring to my mind.

F. F. R. of New York City, on behalf of a Readers Research Bureau, makes inquiry for references on mill lore and gun lore. In the latter instance he wants particularly information in regard to the Kentucky rifle, or long rifle, and its manufacture and use in the Southern Appalachian mountains. For the former he might refer to T. B. Wood's THE STORY OF A LOAF OF BREAD (Macmillan) and R. W. Chapin's MILLING AND MANUFACTURE OF GRAIN AND GRAIN PRODUCTS, and for the material on the gun, to THE AMERICAN RIFLE (Appleton-Century), by Townsend Whelan, OUR RIFLES (Cornhill), by C. W. Sawyer, and THE KENTUCKY RIFLE (American Rifleman, 1108 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.; $10), by J. G. W. Dillin.

C. O. H. of Winston-Salem, N. C., presented me with a poser when she asked for references on the Holy Grail, and stories bearing on its supposed whereabouts today. If there is any literature on the latter part of her double-barreled question I don't know what it is. As to discussions in general she can turn to THE HOLY GRAIL (Lippincott), by C. B. Scherer, FROM RITUAL TO ROMANCE (Macmillan), by J. L. Weston, and to Volume XIII of Warner's LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE which contains a study of the legend of the Holy Grail together with selections, by George McLean Harper. Perhaps, as a matter of fact, Professor Harper, who is generous with assistance will come to my aid; I'll write to him and try to procure further information for C. O. H. Just one book can I find for *J. P. H. of Mesa, Ariz.*, who wants information on old cattle brands of the West. That is CATTLE BRANDS (Houghton Mifflin), by A. Adams, but I imagine that the United States Department of Agriculture will deluge him with literature if he writes to it.

PRESENT IT ON A SILVER SALVER



There is a Chinese proverb to the effect that only a poet will reach for the moon but that a wise man will accept it if it is offered to him on a silver salver. Much of this same sales appeal is achieved by the SRL's own Silver Salver (the new three-piece bookstore display unit pictured above). Made of metal, finished in silver, with varnished paper labels in three colors, the unit costs only 75 cents, postpaid (considerably less than cost). Additional wire book racks—25 cents a pair.

— — — BOOKSELLERS—SEND OFF THIS COUPON TODAY! — — —

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Address.....

.....By.....

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On Paint Removers

E. H. F., of Columbus, Ohio, *asks for the name of a book on refinishing furniture. "I don't want," she says, "the kind which says 'remove the old finish, etc.,' but one that tells how to remove the old finish, and if lye is used just how to proceed with it. Not one that says 'use boiled linseed oil,' but one that tells how to boil the linseed oil, and for how long. I've never heard of a book like this but I sincerely hope you have."*

Providentially, as the result of having spent the morning of a working day in a search—and a vain and weary one—for an apartment and of the necessity of getting this Clearing House to the printer early tomorrow or else having a yawning blank where it should be, I'm writing it in the wee, small hours of the morning in my own home where I have only to stretch out my arm to pull off the shelf Henley's TWENTIETH CENTURY FORMULAS, RECIPES, AND PROCESSES (New York: Norman Henley), edited by Gardner D. Hiscox. My housewifely soul yearns over such volumes (and likewise over all cook books), and though I never have the time to put their precepts into practice, I keep collecting them in the fond belief that, as Mr. Micawber would say, something will turn up. Well, it has turned up in E. H. F.'s inquiry, and henceforth I shall feel more than ever justified in making off with every practical looking household manual that comes into my office. But to get back to furniture removers. Henley is liberal enough to give several recipes as specific references for paint removers that should be just what E. H. F. wants.

It's a good book, Henley, full of useful information on a great variety of subjects.

Split Second Exposure

(*Continued from page* 21)

hundred per day. Although the non-fiction group is limited, Poetry and Drama works are the leading subjects among the readers, while in the fiction class tomes on the short story angle are being thumbed a'plenty. The books being used are those that have been withdrawn from circulation from the regular channels, while the mags are those which have been contributed by various kind folks or publication houses and also from the regular reference sources of the library where duplicate copies could be dispensed with.

Among the tomes we find only one title by Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar"; a battered copy of Gissing's "Selections," O. Henry's "Four Million," and a current book—"100,000,000 Guinea Pigs." Demands for the more current titles have been plenty, but it is a no go. The circulation department of the Public Library has had to operate on a $50,000 budget in 1934, while in 1932 $257,000 was the spending figure.

The set-up and furnishing of this new branch is a natural. Looming above the crowd is a Goethe bust which is centered around the two book racks and an old remodeled tool box which safeguards the magazines. A round metal table and two chairs comprise the office, and nifty wooden benches painted brown and blue are the patrons' seats. The furnishings were contributed by the Department of Parks. The library staff are all W.P.A. workers under the supervision of the Public Library.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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PERSONALS

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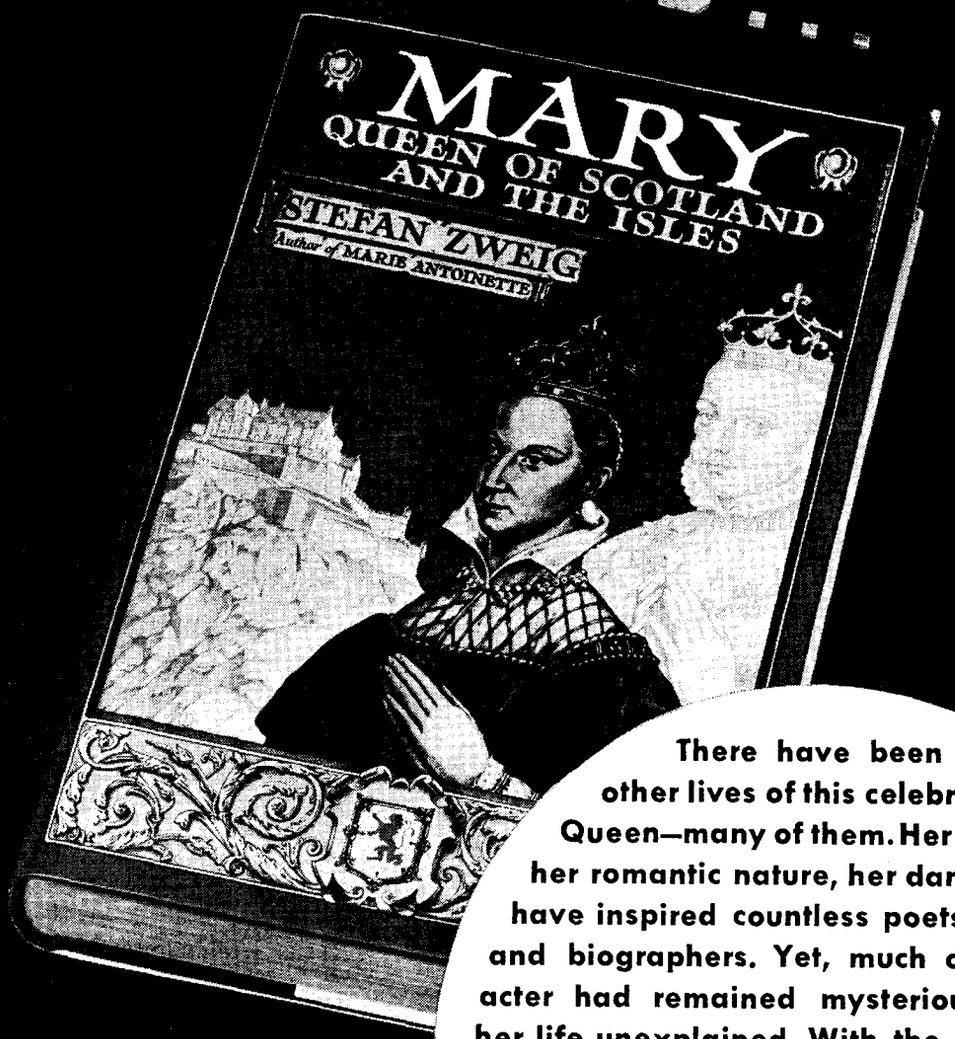

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